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TO A TRAVELLER.

You talk about Arabia, of Burmah,
and Japan,
And sing the praise of pageantries you
saw in Hindustan;
You tell of Orient palaces, bewildering
to behold,
Of temples and pagodas wrought of
tracery and gold—
They filled your soul with wonder, yet
you heaved a little sigh,
For you missed a village steeple with
the homesteads nestling by.

You've dwelt on happy islands throned
amid a sunlit sea;
Gay tropic seaboards offered you their
hospitality;
You've seen the trackless prairies,
heard Niagara's roar,
From brinks of dizzy cañons watched
the Colorado pour
Its wealth of whirling waters; but
you recollected still
The purple-heathered moorland and the
burn that worked the mill.

In gardens of old Italy, where rippling
fountains run,
Where stands the Tuscan cypress sil-
houetted 'gainst the sun,
Where memory haunts the arbors,
where the weathered Termini
Gleam ghostlike on the terraces, in
tender reverie
'Twas your delight to linger; but was
it to forget
A creeper-burnished gable and a patch
of mignonette?

You've crossed the redwood forests,
stood beneath the banyan's
shade,
In Turkestan and Syria your parching
thirst allayed
Where tamarisk and date-palm cooled
the desert oases—
But Britain's glowing orchards were
more dear to you than these;
You thought in Eastern spring-times
of the hedgerows decked with
may,
Furze does not bloom in Siam, neither
hawthorn in Cathay.

It seemed the Cretan olive not so
freshly verdant grew

As where within the churchyard wall
there sprang the moss-clad yew;
The cedar trees of Libanus, spread
they as wide and fair
As those high elms you clambered in
above the tombstones there?
In Teheran or Seville you desired a
Kentish lane
Above the Persian gardens or the
orange groves of Spain.

Thebes, Memphis, Philæ, Abydos, have
lain before your view,
The Colossi, the Parthenon, the cities
of Peru;
You dreamed in courts of Granada,
Damascus gave you rest;
Where moonlight cast its witcheries on
Tigris' weary breast
You mused on ancient Empires and on
wars of mighty men—
Did you forget the abbey close, the
chequered houses then?

You've seen the Himalayas crowned
with snows no foot has trod
Uplift their hoary summits for the
benison of God;
You've gazed upon Vesuvius dark-
brooding o'er the bay,
Stood fearful, yet admiring, by the
crater of Hawaii,
Off Valparaiso, maybe, seen the Andes
towering high—
Yet you wished bluff cliffs of Albion
loomed up white upon the sky.

E. F. Alnutt.

The New Witness.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S STORM.

Night, Lightning, Thunder, Rain.
I see black Night
Open her lips;
Her teeth gleam bright,
A moment seen,
Then comes rich laughter;
And happy tears,
That follow after,
Fall on the bosoms
Of birds and blossoms.

W. H. Davies.

The Nation.

AMERICA AND THE EUROPEAN WAR.

The United States and Italy are the only Great Powers not now at war, and it is within the possibilities that the United States may in the end be the only Power able to resist the drift into the vortex. In these circumstances American neutrality is of enormous importance, and the operations of the forces at work to maintain this position are of absorbing interest. America is, in more senses than one, an independent nation. Her geographical remoteness from Europe is not so much a guarantee of international non-partisanship as her complete political isolation. Physical remoteness does not necessarily discourage political alliances; in fact, at times it works to the contrary, as is the case with England and Japan; but with neutrality determined upon, physical isolation makes this position more tenable and lessens the possibility of misunderstandings. There can hardly be a violation of American territory in the conduct of a European war, and thus the most likely source of trouble between nations is eliminated. Physical remoteness from the scene of conflict also contributes enormously to the safety and prosperity of those within neutral territory, for there is no destruction of real property. This in turn works to the good of humanity as a whole, as ordinary occupations proceed and the inevitable shortage of material and foodstuffs elsewhere is partially compensated for by a stimulated production in the peaceful zone.

From the foundation of the American Government nearly a century and a half ago alliances with other nations have been carefully avoided. The wisdom of such a policy for this nation, with its ample territory, self-contained existence, and a population drawn

from all nations, has been demonstrated time and again, and never more strikingly than at the present moment. Many efforts have been made in the past to inveigle the United States into some form of alliance for aggression or defence, and at times such efforts have come perilously near success. With a jealous regard, however, for the advice of the first President, the die has always been cast in the end in favor of a continued and complete political independence, and actual treaty-making has been confined to the drafting of those useful international exchanges dealing mainly with commerce, and known in diplomacy as treaties of "trade and friendship."

This policy of political independence originated and has been maintained in self-interest; but that it works to the good of others is now manifest, and the present attitude of the American Government, as voiced by President Wilson and expressing, as it does, the opinion of a vast majority of the American nation, is clear. In speaking to a few personal acquaintances in Washington, August 2nd., President Wilson said: "The position in Europe is perhaps the gravest in its possibilities that has arisen in modern times, but it need not affect the United States unfavorably in the long run. Not that the United States has anything to take advantage of, but her own position is sound, and she owes it to mankind to remain in such a condition and in such a state of mind that she can help the rest of the world." Since this personal expression of the national spirit the formal and usual declaration of neutrality has been issued by the American Government, and has been lived up to.

To maintain this neutrality with

satisfaction to all concerned will be most difficult. A civilized nation of a hundred million people, practically all of whom have racial sympathies reaching back into some older community, will contain itself as a nation and maintain a certain mental equilibrium. America is a country of the utmost liberty of the Press and speech, however, and individuals and groups of individuals will express their opinions and their predilections without fear and without restraint, and oftentimes in such a way as to cause irritation here or there among the nations at war. Grave questions will arise to vex the American authorities, not only as to the rights of belligerents in their commerce and in their dealings with a neutral country, but also concerning the treatment of American citizens and American property abroad and upon the high seas.

The news that a general European war was imminent found Americans sceptical. The news which followed very quickly thereafter, to the effect that it had actually begun, found them still unwilling to believe that some way would not be found to check hostilities before they became serious. The whole affair seemed so unnecessary, and almost unthinkable, that the American people refused to believe it. When it was finally brought home that the war was a reality, that there was no hope of peace, and that Europe had really plunged into this stupendous adventure, which would, before it could end, change the political map of the world, bring death to hundreds of thousands, and more or less disaster to everyone, there was an outburst of indignant protest on behalf of humanity and the most terrible condemnation of those who had held the power for peace or war within their hands and had chosen the test of the sword.

Americans are not a military people.

Even the American Navy, respectable in size as it is, is much smaller in proportion to the area, population and wealth of the country than that of any other of the Powers. The regular military establishment consists of less than a hundred thousand men, or less than one per cent of the population, and the pay of the American soldier is competitive with many kinds of ordinary labor, for the American soldier is but a glorified policeman. Militarism has been discouraged by every political party, with the approval of the voters. Thousands of American citizens are either immigrants from other countries where militarism is a curse, or are descendants of those who came to the new land to escape the burden of an armed government. The movement for arbitration, for peace, and for internationalism of all kinds has received its greatest support from America, and if it were possible to summarize national opinion at this time, it would probably be perfectly true to say that the people of the United States are stirred to the depths by a feeling of incredulous anger that this war has been allowed to cast its blight upon the world. That it will run its terrible course is now fully realized, however, and the thoughts now uppermost in the minds of all thoughtful Americans are that the neutrality of their country must be maintained with jealous care, that humanity the world over must be assisted to follow its ordinary occupations so far as practicable, and that if this disaster is to serve a purpose, it should in the end go far towards substituting the parliament of man for military autocracy.

Out of the political whirlpool of Central Europe has this monster appeared, shorn of all disguise. Greed, jealousy, barbarity, and colossal selfishness are his attributes, and to forever put him in chains will the serv-

ices of the American nation be available at any opportune moment. Civilization and the arts of peace are now at a standstill until this is done. It is the last stand of the mediaeval against the progress of the world, and unless the strength of man's better aspirations have been overrated, there can be but one ending to the present cataclysm of armed events. If the stability of these higher ambitions, so freely expressed in recent years, has been over-estimated, then the world goes back at least to the days when Napoleon followed his vision of a one-man power on earth to his own destruction, and the confusion of his followers.

The population of America is drawn mostly from the nations now at war, the larger number coming from Teutonic stock. The ruling spirit and the ideals of the nation are Anglo-Saxon, the Puritan strain holding a power largely disproportionate with its numbers. In a republic, however, where every man and great numbers of the women have a vote, the opinions of the majority find more practical expression than do the ethics of a minority, and it is to the majority opinion we must turn in estimating effects or in the attempt to forecast action. The American Government, in its official action, naturally and rightly holds a neutral course. The American Press, almost without an exception, has condemned unsparingly those whom it holds to be responsible, and American sympathy goes out to all these peoples who are in arms, many of them but doing the bidding of their masters and with no knowledge of the issues at stake, except that they are fighting to hold their own, be it in aggression or on the defensive. On Sunday, August 2nd, in the churches of all the world, prayers ascended to Heaven asking victory for each and every people at war one against the other, and, with the excep-

tion of the peoples in the now limited neutral zone, Divine aid was besought to confuse the "enemy." Perhaps the most effective petitions will come from a neutral people to a neutral Power, for it is in the interest of all mankind, rather than those of only one way of thinking.

In the United States, political prejudice and party tactics were suspended at once on receipt of the news that Europe had gone to war. All business organizations rallied to the support of financial and commercial interests, and Congress acted as a unit, and with the utmost dispatch. President Wilson issued the usual and comprehensive proclamation of neutrality. The threatened financial strain was relieved by the shipment of £600,000,000 of emergency government currency to the various sub-treasuries and banking associations. Legislation was at once enacted, putting into circulation nearly £400,000,000 of this emergency money. Steps were taken to prevent the exportation of gold in large quantities. The Stock Exchanges were closed indefinitely to prevent the unloading of American securities by foreign holders. The ship registry law was amended to make it easier for American-owned vessels, now sailing under foreign flags, to become American in name as well as in fact. Steps were promptly taken to relieve the financial distress of Americans travelling abroad, and to enable them to return to America. Extensive plans were laid, and are now being carried out, to restore American foreign trade to somewhere near its normal volume, by establishing lines of carriers sailing under the American flag and protected by American war vessels. The President of the United States urged upon all newspapers the need of conservatism in printing rumors which would tend to increase national excitement, and a general effort is being made in every possible direc-

tion to prevent the people from losing their self-control.

Later, when it was found that the money situation was more or less serious in England in the matter of international exchange, millions in gold were transferred to the Canadian banks to enable English banks to draw upon for the payment of supplies to be shipped from Canada. In fact, everything possible is being done in the United States to prevent a world panic, which would involve neutral, as well as belligerent, peoples. The damage done has already reached into millions, and it has only begun, but a general disaster, which was threatened in the first few hours of the war, has been averted, and the damage will be restricted to the unavoidable. During the past twelve months, American foreign commerce reached the vast total of over £400,000,000, and, at the present time, this has practically ceased. Fortunately, a wheat crop of over 900,000,000 bushels is being harvested, a record in this line of production, and it may be expected that Canada will more than hold her own in cereal output. The grain will bring high prices this year, and thus return some of the wealth destroyed in the United States and Canada by the dislocation of normal exchanges. With the trade routes to England and France held in safety by the war vessels of those countries, the Atlantic will soon be nearly as well travelled by cargo vessels as in times of peace.

To analyze public opinion in America at this time would be a difficult matter. As to the war itself, there is an overwhelming preponderance of opinion as to its horrors, its wickedness, and absolute lack of justification for its beginning. A preponderance of sympathy, as expressed in the Press and in public otherwise, up to the present time, is with the triple entente, as against Germany and Austria. Eng-

land has been justified, in the American public mind, in joining in the conflict, in fact, it was predicted in America, even before the inevitable was generally realized in Europe, that England's hand would be forced early in the struggle. With her over-seas interests and the vulnerability of the home country, should the buffer States of Belgium or Holland become involved or the German fleet attack French towns on the English Channel, there could be no question but that force would have to be employed later, if not now, to prevent encroachments by peoples engaged in a war to the death, one in which the niceties of the law of neutrality could not fail to be overlooked. The neutrality of Belgium is so important to England that, to all intents, a protectorate must be exercised by the latter country over this nearby section of the Continent. When it is realized that Liège, on the eastern frontier of Belgium, is only 270 miles from London, this statement is given greater emphasis.

There are nearly seven million white, foreign-born males over the age of twenty-one years in the United States. About 400,000 of these are English, and 600,000 Irish, the total from the United Kingdom being about 1,300,000. There are less than 60,000 French, about 800,000 Russian, and 1,300,000 Germans. Of the English, 60 per cent are naturalized American citizens. Of the Irish, about 69 per cent. Of the French, 50 per cent, and of the Russian, 26 per cent. Of the Germans, about 70 per cent are naturalized Americans, showing a more marked and more permanent absorption into the life of their adopted country than is the case with the other nationalities. These figures are somewhat misleading, however, if any estimate of sympathetic interest in the present war be based upon them. The small percentage of naturalized Russians is due largely to their inability

to comply with educational and other requirements of American citizenship and also to a lack of interest or concern as to local politics. It is also probably true that the larger number of Russian subjects in America does not mean extensive or active sympathy with Russia in any war. Many of these immigrants are refugees or are Hebrews who have left Russia for their own good, and, in some cases, for the good of their country. The influence of the Russian element would, therefore, have a negligible effect upon American public opinion. Seventy per cent of the 1,300,000 Germans are naturalized and, in addition to these, a large number have failed to maintain their German citizenship by means of the consular registration which is required by German law. That there will be a large amount of active sympathy with Germany is natural. These people all have relatives and friends, now on active service with the German army, and even if they regretted the war, they must hope for the success of German arms. The German newspapers of America, and there are a number, are patriotic, and, so long as the United States is not involved, will urge the cause of Germany as against the world.

Needless to say, the English and Scotch residents of America, naturalized or not, will give their support to England. This is also true of a large percentage of the Irish, though there are not wanting in America those Irish who look upon English misfortunes as Ireland's gain, and by this element Mr. Redmond has been denounced as a traitor for his loyalty to the English cause at this time. Such opposition as this is not serious, however, for the American people, equally with the English, do not fail to see that the safety of Ireland is indissolubly bound up with the safety of England. It must also be consid-

ered, in scanning the racial conditions in America, that nearly all foreigners who have gone to that country to live have in reality adopted the country as their own. They have left their own lands because of lack of opportunity or some stress of circumstances. In the new world they have found employment, a home, and a freedom of thought, speech, and action denied to them in their native lands. It has been demonstrated on many occasions that this change of environment has brought with it a complete transfer of loyalty, and, allowing for certain racial sympathies and a degree of sentimental interest in the places they came from, they have developed a far more vigorous and practical attachment for the new country than they now hold for the old.

It will be found that the large element in the population of America which is of recent foreign origin will now be concerned first as to the safety and prosperity of America, and that their sympathies one way or another in the present European war will be confined to demonstrations of theory rather than practice. Individuals among them will endeavor actively to serve the cause of the land of their parentage, but the effects of such assistance, either in a practical way or in the influencing of American public opinion, will prove of little importance. The progress of the war will be watched with keen and intelligent interest. Americans are a newspaper-reading people, and with the lack of restrictions which are placed upon the American Press accounts of great victories and defeats which have not been won or lost will keep public attention keyed to the highest pitch in the months to come.

The effort which will be made by the Government of the United States and all financial and business organizations to restore industry to as near a

normal condition as possible, and to keep matters moving in such a way as to work the least hardship to America, will benefit the whole world, for of the seven billion sterling which represents normal international exchanges a large part is based upon American contributions to the world's commerce and to the activities of American interests. As matters now stand, and so long as her fleet retains control of the high seas, England and the people of England will benefit more largely in the carrying out of this American programme than any other nation; in fact, it is one of her greatest sources of possible strength and continued endurance. A neutrality such as this will prove more valuable in present circumstances than would the forces of an ally, for to contribute to an armed alliance would be but enlarging the area of prostrated industry.

James Davenport Whelpley.

THE PRACTICAL UTILITY OF THE BOY SCOUTS DURING THE WAR.

When the Boy Scout movement had been in existence barely twelve months, and when the nation had had an opportunity of understanding the work of this new organization, King Edward addressed the following message to Sir Robert Baden-Powell:

Please assure the boys that the King takes a great interest in them *and that if he should call upon them later in life the sense of patriotic responsibility and happy discipline which they are now acquiring as boys will enable them to do their duty as men should any danger threaten the Empire.*

Those were weighty words, but, written in 1900, doubtless had very little influence upon the lives of the lads who were then steadily enrolling themselves under the banner of the defender of Mafeking.

But how different is all this to-day! In truth, Sir Robert Baden-Powell must be a proud man. Within six years of its inception the Boy Scout movement has become a great national asset, and there must be few, I make bold to say, who would question that estimate of its value. When the Duke of Connaught was in South Africa, he has related, he met Boy Scouts in every town, "always to the front and always taking a pride in any work

which they were called upon to do." This will be readily understood when I state that the Scout movement, when shorn of its mantle of educational practice, reveals itself purely as a bold move in a patriotic direction. Its features, from whichever standpoint it is observed, are all towards inculcating the ideals of citizenship, patriotism and love of country. The moment a boy enters the ranks of the movement he is at once impressed with the knowledge that he is part of the British nation, that he must honor God and the King, and if duty calls he must be prepared to stand by his King and country. Let me say at once that because some of the accessories of military organization are a *sine qua non* it must not be thought that the spirit of militarism is therefore part of scoutcraft. The leaders and organizers of the Boy Scouts always vigorously repudiate the common charge brought against them that the movement fosters militarism in any shape or form.

Unfortunately the student of patriotism and the lover of country is forced to the belief that average children grow to manhood and womanhood oblivious of the fact that they are part of the British nation. They receive, of

course, the elementary and rudimentary knowledge of the flag displayed by patriotic celebrations, but in their national impulses—e.g. pride in their country and devotion to its flag—are left untrained and undeveloped. The average Britisher is unquestionably a patriot at heart, with a patriotism inherited in the blood from generations of loyal Britons, or perchance brought into being by contact with the Navy and Army, but this instinct frequently lies dormant for want of knowledge and the experience to ripen it into vigorous activity. And in my opinion it is not too much to suggest that the patriotic and national salvation of the Empire may come from the Boy Scout movement. Those who, like myself, have watched the movement from its earliest days—observed its extraordinary development and seen its effect—would hardly consider that the suggestion borders on the extravagant. The Boy Scout of this day is taught that he must be prepared to serve his country, no matter what form the service assumes. And in this article I propose to show how the Boy Scouts are demonstrating the practical usefulness of their training, and testing all the theories of Sir Robert Baden-Powell during a period of extreme gravity.

As soon as the war clouds threatened to burst over England word was sent to every Scout Commissioner¹ in the United Kingdom that all Scouts possible would be needed in the crisis.

The Chief Scout went quietly to work to complete the mobilization of his unique army, and within the space of a week had completely mobilized the whole of the 22,000 lads in the London area, and had given similar instructions for the embodiment of the Boy Scouts all over the country. Sir Robert Baden-Powell's order called upon the lads and their Scoutmasters

to show in this time of national emergency how their organization can be of material service to the country. There has been no departure from the essential principle that the movement is non-military, but Sir Robert clearly indicated that there were duties within the scope of police work which the Boy Scouts could well carry out under the direction of the Chief Constable in each county, where he cares to utilize their services; and the services which the Boy Scouts are undertaking at this moment are the following:

Handing out notices to inhabitants and other duties connected with billeting, commandeering, warning, etc.

Carrying out communications by means of despatch-riders, signallers, wireless, etc.

Guarding and patrolling bridges, culverts, telegraph lines, etc., against damage by individual spies.

Collecting information as to supplies, transport, etc., available.

Carrying out organized relief measures among inhabitants.

Helping families of men employed in defence duties, or sick or wounded.

Establishing first aid, dressing or nursing stations, refuges, dispensaries, soup kitchens, etc., in their clubrooms.

Acting as guides, orderlies, etc.

Forwarding despatches dropped by aircraft.

Sea scouts watching estuaries and ports, guiding vessels in unbuoyed channels, or showing lights to friendly vessels, etc., and assisting coast-guards.

This list does not exhaust all the duties which they are able to undertake; it merely gives an outline which can be elaborated to suit the local requirements and conditions in the respective areas, after consultation with the Chief Constables and defence authorities.

It may be asked, and with reason, what sort of training does a Boy Scout undergo which adequately fits him to undertake the duties enumerated above? For reply I cannot do better than give

¹ Commissioners are appointed by Headquarters to act as its representative in each county.

the tests which a boy must pass—and with proper credit—before he secures the badge which is the symbol of efficiency. Thus, the Ambulance man: The lad must know the fireman's lift; how to drag an insensible man with ropes; how to improvise a stretcher; the position of main arteries; how to stop bleeding from vein, artery, internal or external; how to improvise splints and to diagnose and bind a fractured limb, and amongst other useful things he must have a knowledge of the laws of health and sanitation as given in the official Scout Handbook. Who will question a Scout's use during war time, acting in a First Aid capacity?

The Scout Cyclist is everywhere to be seen on Government service, and before he becomes possessed of the Cyclist Badge he must sign a certificate that he owns a bicycle in good working order, and is willing to use it in the King's service if called upon at any time in case of emergency. He must be able to ride his bicycle satisfactorily and repair punctures, etc. He must be able to read a map and report correctly a verbal message.

Before employing a number of scout cyclists the Acting Quartermaster-General of the Eastern Command gave them a "Knowledge of London" test that might have puzzled the most competent taxi-driver. These lads came very successfully through the test, and are now acting for the headquarters of the Eastern Command.

The Scout Horseman is truly a capable young man. His test ordains that he must ride at all paces and jump an ordinary fence on horseback; saddle and bridle a horse correctly; harness correctly in single or double harness and be able to drive; know how to water and feed and groom his horse properly, and the principal causes and remedies of lameness.

Of inestimable value to troops

drafted into different parts of the country and the coast must be the Scout Pathfinder. Few outside the movement have any idea of the real hard work and persevering effort that a lad has to put in before he can secure the Pathfinder's badge. To obtain it a boy must know every lane, bye-path and short cut for a distance of at least two miles in every direction around the local Scouts' headquarters in the country, or for one mile if in a town, and have a general knowledge of the district within a five-mile radius of his local headquarters, so as to be able to guide people at any time, by day or night. In addition he must know the general direction of the principal neighboring towns for a distance of twenty-five miles, and be able to give strangers clear directions how to get to them. Again, in the country, in a two-mile radius he must know the names of the different farms, their approximate acreage and stock; or, in a town, in a half-mile radius, know the principal livery stables, corn chandlers, forage merchants, bakers and butchers. In town or country a Pathfinder must know the situation of the police stations, hospitals, doctors, telegraph, telephone offices, fire engines, turn-cocks, blacksmiths, jobmasters and factories where over a dozen horses are kept.

Signallers are of course of immense advantage on the coast, and before a lad is allowed to wear the crossed flags he must pass tests in both sending and receiving in Semaphore and Morse signalling by flag—minimum rate twenty-four letters per minute for Morse, thirty-six for Semaphore; give and read letters by sound; make correct smoke and flame signals with fires; show the proper method of signalling with the staff. The Telegraphist is examined in simple electric circuits, and must be able to send out and receive by Morse key and sounder a message

at the rate of thirty letters a minute; be able to explain the construction of, and do simple repairs to, single-needle telegraph instruments and understand the elementary principles of a wireless telegraphy installation.

One need not continue this line further in order to recognize how highly useful are the Boy Scouts undertaking duty in any of the spheres of activity previously mentioned. No wonder therefore that, when the mobilization of the newly-formed service of Boy Scouts was complete, calls were made for its assistance from every part of the country, and within twenty-four hours 2500 Boy Scouts had been requisitioned for various duties! All who have enlisted in the service are registered at the headquarters, 116 Victoria Street, Westminster, and also with their local associations. From headquarters those who require their services are referred to the address of the troop in their district best able to undertake the required service.

One of the earliest requisitions came from the Prince of Wales (who, by the way, is the Chief Scout for Wales), who desired the assistance of four cyclist Boy Scouts at York House in connection with the National Fund, of which he is Treasurer. A lady in Grosvenor Square rang up for the services of the same number in making up bandages. The Secretary of the G.P.O. asked for sixty, all cyclists, to relieve the telegraph department. Another public Department required one hundred at once who were able to give their services continuously for a week. Another one hundred were needed by the Camberwell Red Cross. Ten Boy Scouts were despatched in response to an appeal from an aircraft factory for patrol work at night times, whilst the Chief Constable of Birmingham found employment for 1500 lads.

Attached to the staff of the War Of-

fice are over 100 Scouts. Some, provided with bicycles, are messengers—swift, silent little fellows—taking their orders from the sergeants in the main halls and returning with the envelopes of the letters they have delivered marked with the time of delivery. Other Scouts are employed all over the building as office boys, running about like so many mice among the big men. Every official, high and low, is delighted with the work of these trained boys, and the authorities are recognizing their services by allowing them 9s. per week each as pay.

A more confidential duty, in assisting police patrol, was entrusted to eighty Boy Scouts, who were despatched from headquarters in four parties of twenty, each under a Scoutmaster. They are being employed for night work over a wide area outside of London, and were equipped with blankets and rations. Their departure was watched by a large crowd, who showed much curiosity as to their destination. This and other instructions, however, were only given to the Scouts on reaching a notified rendezvous, some miles out of London. Another party on a similar errand left the next night. In these cases, of course, a special selection for age and physique was made throughout the whole organization. Then, again, there was a rumor that the London reservoirs might be tampered with. An offer of patrols from Boy Scout troops in the immediate neighborhoods of these was immediately sent to the Metropolitan Water Board. As another example of the usefulness of the Boy Scouts' service, it may be mentioned that there was circulated this notice:

"Motor-cycle, with side-car, is wanted for tampering with telegraph wires at Greenwich."

Bodies of cyclists are kept in readiness in district camps, and thousands of names on the registers at head-

quarters are marked "Anywhere, anything."

The Admiralty attached 1200 Scouts to the troops guarding the East Coast, and it is estimated that 3000 are assisting the police in various capacities and in watching the telephones and telegraph lines. To show how perfectly the service is organized I may mention that after 6 P.M. on Monday, the 10th of August, a party of Scouts was telegraphed for to headquarters for duty on the East Coast; the East London District Association was at once communicated with, and by 7 o'clock a telegram announced at Victoria Street that the boys had already left from Liverpool Street, Great Eastern Railway. An amusing illustration of the versatility of the Boy Scout followed the receipt of a message from the War Office mess to the effect that there was a great shortage of waiters and waitresses, and asking if the service could help. The work, it was pointed out, was hard and responsible, and therefore probably not of a kind to be undertaken by boys; but it was suggested that they might find a supply of regular waiters. The service, however, was equal to the call; four six-foot Scouts were immediately despatched.

One of the smartest "good turns" was done on Sunday, the 16th of August, by the boys. At midday, circulars relating to recruiting were sent by the War Office to the Scouts headquarters with instructions that they were to be made into slides and distributed to the 494 London picture palaces. These circulars were despatched to the ten London district offices, and so prompt was the work that the slides were actually shown on the screens of these cinema theatres the same evening.

From almost all mayors in the London area, to whom the offer of Boy Scouts for civic duties has been

made, letters have been received, expressing high appreciation of the service, and an intention to make use of it should the necessity arise. As I write Sir Robert Baden-Powell has received a large number of commendatory letters from which I select the following:

From the American Citizens' Committee:

The ladies of the above Committee wish to tender you their sincere thanks for the services of the Boy Scouts. It is impossible to say how useful and efficient they have proved.

From a Chief Constable:

The Boy Scouts have up to this been most useful in the arduous and important duties of watching the important telegraph lines throughout the county.

From the Divisional Officer of a Labor Exchange:

I have the honor to bring to your notice the excellent service rendered by the 4th Aldershot troop of Boy Scouts during the recent mobilization of the Aldershot Division. The duty of supplying all civilian labor requirements to the Command was allotted to this department and the Scouts remained continuously on duty during the whole period at the local Labor Exchange. They were entrusted with the duty of guiding the various units, and were held responsible for handing them over at the proper barracks or depôts wherever required, bringing back receipts showing that the men had arrived safely at their allotted stations. . . . I cannot speak too highly of their energy, zeal, and cheerfulness.

In view of the public services which are being rendered generally by the Boy Scouts' Association, the Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for War has given the Association authority to publish an announcement that the uniform of the Boy Scouts ("B-P" hat or Sea Scout cap and fleur-de-lys badge essential) is recognized by his Majesty's Government as the uniform of a public service non-military body. Every-

body will be glad to know that the movement has gained Government recognition. It is important that this step should not be misunderstood. It does not mean any change in the policy or organization of the Scouts—they remain what they have always been, a strictly non-military body without arms or regulation drill. The Chief Scout emphasizes this point by a general order declaring it "most important that no officer or scout rendering any of these services (to the War Office or the Police) should carry arms." Of course, every Boy Scout is longing just now to be a soldier—he would not be a boy if he did not. But it is no part of the Scout movement that in the case of war it should transform itself into a number of corps of boyish irregulars, like the junior *francs-tireurs* whom France found to be of questionable practical use in her time of war with Germany in 1870.

Another branch of the Scout organization which is rendering yeoman service to the State is that of the Sea Scouts. The latter organization is headed by Admiral Lord Charles Beresford and, like their land comrades, the Sea Scouts are also carrying out special duties. It is not so long ago that Mr. Warrington Baden-Powell, K.C., the well-known Admiralty lawyer and brother of the Chief Scout, issued the official handbook of the Sea Scouts wherein he indicated how valuable the Sea Scouts could be in the event of war. Every headland, cliff, creek and harbor would find employment for the keen-eyed Sea Scout, who would be properly instructed how to get in touch with the telegraph if emergency should arise.

It is not too much to say that every Boy Scout in the United Kingdom who is available is doing some sort of service or other. To those boys who have not yet deemed it expedient to consider themselves eligible to lend a hand Sir

Robert Baden-Powell issues the following appeal:

Boys of Britain, don't go about waving flags because there is war. Any ass can do that. And don't stay idle doing nothing, that is almost worse. Come and do something for your country. She needs your help. The Boy Scouts are now on service in all parts of the Kingdom. Come and join the nearest troop in your district and do duty like a man.

At the other end of the scale, the Boy Scouts are also to be utilized for all sorts of work which has to be left in consequence of the workers having been called away.

Thus, the Agricultural Consultative Committee have welcomed a timely offer which they have received from the Boy Scouts' Association for the conveyance of messages between farmers and possible sources of labor, and other like tasks. They hope that this expedient may do something to overcome the practical difficulty of communication. Some of the Boy Scouts are to be lent for harvesting, a job which should be after their own hearts. One big northern district has decided to call upon sixty or seventy of the sturdier lads to help the farmers. The idea is that they should camp in the district to which they are drafted and that farmers should pay them a wage in proportion to their years.

In like manner comes an appeal from men who have passed out of the ranks of the movement and are now Senior, or Old, Scouts for some opportunity to put their Scout teachings to the test. To the suggestion that an Old Scout Corps be formed, Sir Robert has replied:

I would gladly take those who, for good reasons, are unable to serve their country in the fighting line, but I would urge all who possibly can do so to join the Navy or the Army, either in the Regular or Territorial branch. They can serve their country to the best possible extent in that way. There

is little use in frittering away our strength in all sorts of irregular corps. In South Africa a great number of these were in the field, but whatever their value in that kind of campaign they would be of little use against the organized and trained troops of the Continent. With an Old Scouts Corps we can do a great deal of valuable work behind the scenes. We could train men in their evenings for defence work, and we could utilize for home defence those who are pigeon-flyers, cyclists, motorists, etc., for duties as coast-guards, despatch runners, special constables, and the like, in their own counties. But above all we would use them as leaders of the Boy Scouts, who are now being largely employed in those duties.

The establishment of an Old Scouts Corps is now under consideration, but actual organization will not take place until Earl Kitchener has obtained his 100,000 men.

In my article on the Boy Scout movement which appeared in this Review some three years² ago I traced the development of scouting in the big Continental cities. It was being adopted with great zeal and enthusiasm in France, Germany, Russia, Italy, Spain, Sweden, Denmark—in fact all over Europe. Little did I think at that time that the Scout movement would prove such an important factor in war time. In Germany the movement has been looked upon more particularly as a distant adjunct to militarism; not so in France, Belgium, or Holland. They are, as their designation indicates, "peace" Scouts and in that capacity they are also at this moment rendering highly efficient service in Belgium. In Brussels, where I recently had the privilege of watching the local troops at practice, the Boy Scouts are being employed as despatch riders, as orderlies for the Red Cross Organization, as

"policemen" for street duty at night and in a thousand different ways for relieving distress.

There are to-day nearly 5000 Boy Scouts in Belgium, about 1000 of whom belong to the distinct Catholic branch. Their organization is based entirely on that of the "B-P" Boy Scouts, and their uniform is exactly similar to the British pattern. The practical utility of these Scouts during the war is demonstrated in their readiness to assist the State in every possible way. They have splendid headquarters in the Rue des Sables, where an efficient staff directs their movements each day. Here the Scouts who have had no duty assigned to them assemble every morning to take their orders. Singly, in twos and threes, or in patrols of eight, they march off on some mission, conscious, yet not obtrusively conscious, of their responsibilities. Each lad wears a band on his right arm with the letters "S.M."—"service militaire." Many of the boys are cyclists and not a few have motors on which they may be seen hurrying, perhaps from some school or hotel which has been converted into a temporary hospital, in search of stores.

A correspondent writes from Brussels: "I have seen a Scout pack a fair-sized motor car with dressing and various cases of utensils required by some hospital, checking his list and working in a most business-like and methodical manner. Or, again, these young and energetic citizens have, on their handcarts, transported beds and hospital furniture from the army stores, or from shops to buildings throughout the town which have been converted into hospitals.

"Last Friday," adds the writer, "I found that I required a pass from the Burgomaster. On arriving at the 'Bureau du Bourgmestre,' I was at once asked my business by a Scoutmaster, who, with a score or so of Scouts un-

² "The Boy Scout Movement," "Nineteenth Century and After."

der his command, had charge at the entrance of the building. With the utmost courtesy, and with a celerity wholly unknown among the older officials at any Government or municipal office with which I am acquainted, I was conducted to the department where I had to obtain a pass. While talking to one of the Scouts I observed, in the courtyard of the Hôtel de Ville, a crowd of women and children, who, I learned, had come to draw an allowance made by the Government to the wives and families of the men at the front. There were some hundreds of people in the queue, which was marshalled in perfect order, and kept in that order, by four youngsters, not one of whom was over 13 years of age. Two of the Scouts, holding a Scout pole at either end, stood at the head, and from time to time allowed half a dozen women, with their children, to enter the office where the money was being paid out. Once that pole was placed in front of the waiting crowd no one attempted to pass it. It was really amazing to see those four small boys—two in front and two walking up and down—maintain order and prevent anyone pushing in before her turn. Outside in the street a similar scene was witnessed. There was an even greater crowd, all waiting for their allowance from the Government. The people were drawn up in a long line, in double file, so as not to occupy too much of the pavement. Certainly more Scouts were engaged, but this was due to the fact that there was also a constant stream of pedestrians on the pavement.

"But even this does not exhaust the duties performed by the Scouts. An order was issued recently that everyone must have a new 'laisser-passer' to which is affixed the photograph of the bearer. These were issued by the officers of the gendarmerie, assisted by two Senior Boy Scouts. An officer ex-

amined one's papers, compared the photograph with the original, and, being satisfied, passed them to one of the Scouts, who pasted the photograph on the necessary form, and in turn handed the documents to another Scout, who filled in the name of the applicant and place of birth. While I was waiting my turn Boy Scouts were constantly arriving with despatches. . . .

"During the day the Boy Scouts patrol the streets, as many members of the gendarmerie have been called to the colors. They form a useful adjunct to the Civil Guard, a purely voluntary force, which has been called out. Amid all these duties yet another is performed. Upwards of one hundred Scouts daily traverse the streets, begging of passers-by a contribution towards funds for the women and children and for the wounded, and whether the appeal is successful or not, the youngsters always have a genial smile. If you stop them and ask a question they at once stand to attention and answer with intelligent interest. The conversation finished, there is a soldierly salute, and the lad passes on to seek fresh help 'pour les blessés' or 'pour les familles de nos braves soldats.'

"It is not till 8.30 P.M. that the Boy Scouts cease from their many labors. Keen and eager, and possessed of a staunch spirit of duty, they never grumble, and report morning after morning at their day's rendezvous, ready and willing for any duty which the day may demand."

When the whole story comes to be told of what the Boy Scouts have done during the war, both in England and on the Continent, those who in the past have sneered at the movement will have to confess that their ideas were wholly erroneous. The spectacle of thousands of boys—active, intelligent, self-reliant, courageous—working with amazing energy for the further-

ing of the work of national defence, has come as a great surprise to those whose knowledge of the movement was only superficial. In the splendid behavior and genuine enthusiasm of the Boy Scouts we have a fine example of the seriousness of purpose with which the juvenile population of the country can view the graver affairs of life. No one would have believed a few years ago that our boys could have thrown themselves so heartily into the objects of that all-world organization—the Boy Scouts. Sir Robert Baden-Powell believed, and time has justified his belief, that under his attractive scheme of teaching boys "peace scouting"—in other words training them to use their eyes and hands for any emergency, or for ordinary workaday requirements—the boys themselves would be greatly benefited and the nation as a whole would in the future reap the advantage. Now that the scheme has stood the test this belief is shared by most people of judgment;

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the Scout movement has won its spurs. The oft-expressed remark that scouting was a useless and foolish idea is assuredly proved to be baseless. What of the movement to-day? The answer is to be found in the enthusiasm of the Scouts and their zeal to quit themselves like men. The Boy Scouts are just as much smitten with the fever and keenness of war time as any one of their seniors, and are ready to go anywhere and do anything for their country's sake. This alone affords conclusive evidence that in these lads the Empire possesses an asset of great value, a backbone of quality and strength; which offers the highest hopes that our future will be even greater than our glorious past. And the country has ground for thankfulness to Sir Robert Baden-Powell for conceiving and carrying out his great scheme of Boy Scouts, whose serviceability and practical utility are being so powerfully demonstrated in these grave days of The Crisis.

W. Cecil Price, Captain.

BELOW STAIRS.

BY MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK,

Author of The Severins, The Staying Guest, Etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

The great event was over. From the area steps the kitchen had watched the bride and bridegroom depart, wedded man and wife. Compared with the Duke of Mayfair and Suzanne Bellegarde, both were wanting; but the kitchen agreed they were a handsome couple and well dressed. Marie was all for the captain with his fine moustache and ardent bold blue eyes. Jane and Priscilla were more interested in the bride's presents and clothes than in anything else. To think of one girl no older than they were themselves enjoying and possessing all these things! The jewelry she had

had sent her! Locked up it was in a glass case with a 'tec to watch it both yesterday and to-day. Jane and Priscilla told themselves thrilling stories about thefts and false accusations, but they came up against insurmountable difficulties.

"Someone would steal the diamond tiner and put it in my trunk, you see," said Priscilla.

"What for?" said the matter-of-fact Jane.

"To make out I'd done it, of course."

"What good would that do them?"

"The idea would be to do me harm."

Jane said that was a silly idea. People didn't as a rule run big risk unless

they were going to gain by it, or were mad with passion. Love, hate, greed, jealousy might drive people into crime, but not a lukewarm grudge against a little skivvy. Besides, how was anyone going to get at the jewels? By day the 'tec was there, and when he wasn't Mr. Brinton had the key of the library. Priscilla said Jane made difficulties. The way would be to drug the 'tec while the family was at dinner. As easy as anything!

"What with?" asked Jane. She had no play of fancy, that girl. She saw obstacles. She thought the 'tec might refuse to be drugged, and that if you tried laudanum or chloroform you might land yourself anywhere.

"It isn't as easy as you think," she said.

Perhaps not. Anyhow nothing of the kind happened, although Priscilla could not believe that Fräulein's grudge against her was lukewarm. Maleficent gleams were in the lady's eyes whenever she spoke to the girl, her manner was harsh, her fault-finding unreasonable.

"I don't know why Fräulein has such a down on Priscilla," Milly and Emmy said to each other. "She keeps our rooms cleaner than the last half-dozen did."

But Priscilla had suspicions. She had not put them into words even to Jane. They slumbered still and were in that region of the mind where feelings rather than thoughts inhabit and are too obscure for speech. When Mr. Digby came to the house three days running to cook for the wedding festivities her guesses crystallized into knowledge. Fräulein was in love.

When there is a wedding in the house the fancies of the womenfolk in it turn to love. This is a commonplace of experience, and nothing Meadows said could stop it. There was as much thrill and excitement downstairs as upstairs, and in the schoolroom there

was most of all. Fräulein sizzled with sympathy and wept over the bride, a composed, outdoor-game young amazon who wished she wouldn't but was too polite to stop her brutally.

"Ach! You are so fortunate and I am so unfortunate," bleated poor Fräulein.

"I'm very sorry," said Miss Adair, feeling that she was somehow considered blameworthy.

"I eat my bread with tears," sighed Fräulein.

Miss Adair, who, on a different social level, was as matter-of-fact as Jane, looked at the schoolroom tea that she had come up by invitation to share for the last time before her marriage. Priscilla had just brought it in, and now appeared again with a dish of delicious-looking little cakes.

"Mrs. Enfield has sent up these," said Priscilla, putting them on the table. "Mr. Digby made them."

Even Miss Adair noticed that Fräulein gave a queer start and seized the plate of cakes from the maid as if her touch desecrated them. She spoke too in a rude, snappy way, telling the girl she had not shut the door behind her and not sending any message of thanks downstairs. Priscilla wondered how much Mr. Digby knew about the rapture and the pain his presence in the house excited, and which of his two devotees he would think the silliest. It almost cured her to find that she was in the same galley with Fräulein. There are some people you would rather not walk with even if the path led to Paradise.

However, for three whole days Mr. Digby worked downstairs and ate upstairs in a house where two women were in a flutter if he looked at them. He did not guess at Priscilla's feelings, but only found her the most faithful and industrious of kitchen-maids. Fräulein began to get on his nerves before the first day was over,

because he was a quiet man who hated any kind of fuss and clack. When he left his work for an hour he liked best to be alone, and it exasperated him to find that he was never allowed to eat and smoke in peace. She did not even eat with him, which would have been tiresome but bearable—she sat close to him watching every mouthful, plying him with wine, heaping tit-bits on his plate and offering him every fidgety attention by which a foolish woman can incense the idol she seeks to propitiate. He began to dread the school-room and wish he had said he would eat downstairs. Not that he realized yet what ailed Fräulein. He was the least fatuous of men and just set her down for well-meaning but insufferable. He knew that she considered herself a fellow-artist and liked to expatiate on the cakes and sauces she could excel in herself. That was wearisome, but her ugly smile, her melting eyes and her exaggerated emphasis were worse. He was a brute not to like the poor, lonely creature better, he told himself, and found of course that self-blame did not take him a step further.

The kind of pity Fräulein roused was not akin to love, but to impatience. She netted you in the toils of it by her appeals, and you struggled to be free because you suffocated. To get down to the kitchen where four sensible, cheerful women were doing the work of the house, was like getting into fresh air from a stuffy room. They were none of them educated; they were poor; they had the well-known failings of their class. At least Mr. Digby was willing to concede that, though he could not see much wrong with them. He admired the way they took a heavy stress of work on their shoulders as a matter of course and rather liking the occasion for it. What did they get? he asked himself. Perhaps a tip here and there if the up-

stairs people were generous, and then the everlasting sight of pleasures they worked to provide but did not share. No doubt they had pleasures of their own, and love stories of their own, leading through all the steps of courtship to marriage. Nevertheless he thought it took considerable generosity of nature to live as a poor girl in the houses of the rich, without envy or even discontent. He did not himself take the discrepancies of our social system as simply as they did.

When the wedding was over and the guests had departed the upstairs folk had a rest, but downstairs was busier than ever preparing for a small boy-and-girl dance Mrs. Brinton was giving at night. Milly and Emmy were to be allowed to dance in their bridesmaids' dresses, but even they were not as expectant and excited as Fräulein, who had come forth to the wedding in a strange collarless garment of sage-green.

Mr. Brinton had given her a generous check to buy herself a new gown for the wedding, but she said she could not afford to lay out all that money on a single gown. She muddled it away on various trifles, on cheap stuff, on cheap dressmakers. For the dance she had bought the flimsiest of Japanese silks in a violent shade of pinkish-mauve that is handsome in a dahlia but most trying to an unattractive human face. This too she had had made collarless, yet not *décolletée*, and in a Kate Greenaway style that would have suited pretty misses of fifteen, but looked grotesque on her. When Milly and Emmy set eyes on her in this creation they tore downstairs to find their mother and prepare her for a shock. Fräulein followed them when she was ready, and as guests were arriving Mrs. Brinton could look and quickly look away.

"She's a perfect fool," she said indignantly to her husband.

"Why didn't you see after her?" he asked, manlike.

Mrs. Brinton gave him an amused glance and turned to welcome guests. Her husband was a man of brains and power in some directions, but apparently he could live in the same house with Fraulein for two years and never discover that she thought her own taste unerring, and her own personality irresistible. Any rebuffs she encountered only showed her that other people were unamiable.

Priscilla had been rung upstairs to fasten the dahlia-colored gown and had come down again twinkling with malicious amusement. But everyone was in a bustle and could not stop to gossip. She had to set to instantly herself and prepare everything Mr. Digby required for his salads and all the while have her mind on the ices that were nearly ready to go upstairs. There were several strange maids in the house to-night helping Meadows and Jane to wait, for Mrs. Brinton never gave work to men that women could do. Mr. Digby was an exception and a peculiar case. As a matter of fact, while he cooked in the kitchen his sister was dancing upstairs, and he was as happy and serene as she was. But it had been a long day, and when the light refreshments had gone up he said he would have something to eat quietly in the schoolroom. He guessed that Fräulein would be in the drawing-rooms and that he might hope for half-an-hour's peace.

Priscilla took a tray upstairs for him, turned on the light and looked round to see that the room was tidy. It was an old Georgian house, and both the schoolroom and the back drawing-room had small rooms opening out of them that had once been powdering-closets. In each case there was a square aperture in the wall, through which in former days beaux and belles

could put their wigged heads and be powdered without spoiling their clothes. A little silk curtain hung there now, and once Fräulein had been discovered peeping through it at Milly and Emmy in some mischief in the schoolroom. Mrs. Brinton agreed with them that spying was not cricket, and said she needed the powder-closet for a clothes cupboard that she locked. It had only been unlocked again lately for Miss Adair, whose trousseau was waiting there till Marie had time to pack it. Such lovely things she had and such piles of them. Priscilla had never seen any like them, not even in shop windows. They had all come from Paris, and the sewing in them was fine past belief. Priscilla was delicate with her needle, but she had not had such work as this set before her, and she took an expert's interest in specimens that excelled anything she knew. Marie and she had discussed them till the others were tired of it, and Meadows said she took no pleasure in hearing of such wickedness. It was dreadful to think of one young woman wearing what would feed a hundred working families. Probably the poor women who made them suffered from hunger, cold and sickness.

"Wouldn't they suffer more if they didn't make them?" asked Mrs. Enfield, and started one of those economic discussions that lead nowhere and exhibit social bias rather than an interest in facts. The arguments used in the kitchen were not more ignorant than you may hear any day in a parlor, and at any rate had some personal experience of poverty behind them. But Meadows' point of view came into Priscilla's mind this evening, when she turned on the schoolroom lights and saw that the door of the powdering-closet stood ajar. She pushed it farther open, turned on the light there and saw the piles of fine lingerie that Miss Adair had bought for her wed-

ding. There was a lace rest-gown that Priscilla had longed to see unfolded, a gown of fine Irish lace made over pale pink *ninon*. Yesterday Marie had only shown it to her in its box, but now it hung on a hook, so that you could have a good look at it and discover the shape of the sleeves and its cut at the neck. Priscilla's fancy was taken captive. More than anything in the young lady's trousseau, more than any of her presents, she envied the bride this. Suzanne Bellegarde might have worn it when the duke invited her to be his duchess. It was very interesting, Priscilla thought, to find that there really were people in the world who wore such raiment. She took it carefully from the hook and considered its color and its soft fineness—creamy white, delicate shell-like pink and all that intricacy of mesh and pattern. How poor were the women who made it?—and why was the world such an uneven place where some had more than they wanted and others not enough?

Meadows' favorite politician had just told an inflamed and hungry mob that if all the money in the world was equally divided everyone would have a nice little income and the mob had brayed approval of the politician and howled with fury at the name of a millionaire. But even Priscilla could see difficulties the politician left out. Meadows said these would all be easily settled by clever men and women like the politician who made the speech; but Mrs. Enfield said Meadows was a good parlormaid, but a poor reasoner, and it was waste of time to talk to her. Priscilla could not see that talk took you a step further. Here was she, a penniless girl with her bread to earn, and here was the room full of clothes belonging to the girl with money. You didn't need to be beautiful if you could wrap yourself in this. Suppose she took off her cap and pulled

out her hair a little fluffier and put it on a moment. There was no one near to see or hear. All the skivvies were at work, and all the gentlefolk were enjoying themselves. Mr. Digby was coming up to have his supper and might surprise her doing what she ought not to do. On the other hand, if she looked very pretty, robed like a king's daughter, he might—well, he would know what she could look like dressed as a young lady. She took off her cap and apron and slipped into the gown. It was much too big and too long for her and lay all about her feet on the floor. But her pretty arms came out of the loose-hanging sleeves as she loosened her hair and rearranged it a little.

The effect was not all she had dreamed it would be. "This is none of I," the glass mocked at her. Alas, she was not like Suzanne Bellegarde, as sinuous as a serpent. She was a small, brisk, pretty girl with doves' eyes, and a sweet, short chin. She looked much prettier with neat hair and a neat cap and apron than in a wrapper that did not fit her and with her hair tousled. However . . . she pricked up her ears . . . she heard voices . . . she heard steps on the stairs. The door into the schoolroom was still ajar, and she shut it softly. As she turned off her light she heard the schoolroom door open and people come into the room. It was *Fräulein* and Mr. Digby. She did not dare to move, and through a chink between the curtain and the wall she could see the supper tray where Mr. Digby would presently sit down. Just now she could see neither of them, but she could hear what they said, and she thought it would be amusing: like having an invisible cloak. She had read of that in fairy tales. But directly *Fräulein* spoke her voice had a weeping, tragic note in it that made Priscilla feel that she was eavesdropping.

"You don't ever answer my letters," she said.

"I wish you would not write them," Mr. Digby answered.

"How can I help it? It is stronger than I am. It must be."

Priscilla heard Mr. Digby sigh and then he came where she could see him and sat down to supper. He looked dreadfully worried, but he poured out some wine and took up a knife and fork as if he meant to eat.

"Have you no pity for me?" said Fräulein.

Mr. Digby put his knife and fork down again. "Yes, I have," he said; "I wish I could help you."

Priscilla almost betrayed herself because she was so startled by Fräulein's reply. It sounded like a screech of triumph, and the next moment the unhappy woman came in sight and threw herself on her knees beside Mr. Digby's chair. It was horrid, Priscilla told Jane in whispers later. She never told anyone else what she saw that night of folly and self-abandonment. She could not tell Jane everything. She just could not. She saw Fräulein seize Mr. Digby's hand and slobber over it. She saw him rise in anger and embarrassment.

"I adore the earth you tread on," wailed the woman. "I want to kiss your beloved feet."

"For heaven's sake get up and be reasonable," cried the man.

"How can I be reasonable? I have one thought, one wish, one agonized

hope—to live where I may see you and adore you. I throw myself on your great heart. I appeal to your generosity. Do you want me to go mad?"

Mr. Digby did not speak.

"What can I do? Henceforth I will live under your orders. If you banish me——"

"I really think——" said Mr. Digby, and then he paused.

Priscilla could see him, anxious, worn-looking, hesitating. Fräulein had risen and was eyeing him hungrily and sullenly.

"I think I had better tell you that I am engaged to be married," he said.

What happened next Priscilla never could describe coherently. Everything seemed to happen at once. She saw Fräulein snatch up a knife and make a dash forward, at the same time giving another screech that was both a laugh and a cry. As she did so, Priscilla, trailing her long gown as best she could after her, burst into the room and tried to get hold of the crazy woman. She saw the knife gleam and turn against herself. She saw Mr. Digby get hold of it before it touched her. Then the three people fell away from each other, and for a moment the silence in the room was only broken by Fräulein's struggle for breath. She looked wild and gray and angry, green about the lips and desperate. Priscilla wished she herself could sink into the ground. She felt ashamed of her own part in the scene, and ashamed of the other woman.

(To be continued.)

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF SCHOOL LIFE.

BY IAN HAY.

II.

THE HOUSE-MASTER.

To the boy, all masters (as distinct from the Head) consist of one class—namely, masters. The fact that masters are divisible into grades, or

indulge in acrimonious diversities of opinion, or are subject to the ordinary weaknesses of the flesh (apart from chronic shortness of temper), has never occurred to him.

This is not so surprising as it sounds.

A schoolmaster's life is one long pose. His perpetual demeanor is that of a blameless enthusiast. A boy never hears a master swear—at least, not if the master can help it; he seldom sees him smoke or drink; he never hears him converse upon any but regulation topics, and then only from the point of view of a rather bigoted archangel. The idea that a master in his private capacity may go to a music-hall, or back a horse, or be casual in his habits, or be totally lacking in religious belief, would be quite a shock to a boy.

It is true that when half a dozen ribald spirits are gathered round the Lower Study fire after tea, libellous tongues are unloosed. The humorist of the party draws joyous pictures of his House-master staggering home to bed after a riotous evening with an Archdeacon, or being thrown out of the Empire in the holidays. But no one in his heart takes these legends seriously—least of all their originator. They are merely audacious irreverences.

All day and every day the boy sees the master, impeccably respectable in cap and gown, rebuking the mildest vices, extolling the dullest virtues, singing the praises of industry and application, and attending Chapel morning and evening. A boy has little or no intuition: he judges almost entirely by externals. To him a master is not as other men are: he is a special type of humanity, endowed with a permanent bias towards energetic respectability, and grotesquely ignorant of the seamy side of life. The latter belief in particular appears to be quite ineradicable.

But in truth the scholastic hierarchy is a most complicated fabric. At the summit of the Universe stands the Head. After him come the senior masters—or, as they prefer somewhat invidiously to describe themselves, the permanent staff—then the junior mas-

ters. The whole body are divided and subdivided again into little groups—classical men, mathematical men, science men, and modern-language men—each group with its own particular axe to grind and its own tender spots. Then follow various specialists, not always resident; men whose life is one long and usually ineffectual struggle to convince the School—including the Head—that music, drawing, and the arts generally are subjects which ought to be taken seriously, even under the British educational system.

As already noted, after the Head—quite literally—come the House-masters. They are always after him: one or other of the troop is perpetually on his trail; and unless the great man displays the ferocity of the tiger or the wisdom of the serpent, they harry him exceedingly.

Behold him undergoing his daily penance—in audience in his study after breakfast. To him enter severally:—

A., a patronizing person, with a few helpful suggestions upon the general management of the School. He usually begins—"When I was under Bupett at Kidchester, we never, under any circumstances,—"

B., whose specialty is to discover motes in the eyes of other House-masters. He announces that yesterday afternoon he detected a member of the Eleven fielding in a Panama hat. "Are Panama hats permitted by the statutes of the School? I need hardly say that the boy was not a member of my House."

C., a wobbler, who seeks advice as to whether an infraction of one of the rules of his House can best be met by a hundred lines of Virgil or public expulsion.

D., a House-master pure and simple, urging the postponement of the Final House-match, D.'s best bowler having contracted an ingrowing toe-nail.

E., another, insisting that the date

be adhered to—for precisely the same reason.

(He receives no visit from F., who holds that a House-master's House is his Castle, and would as soon think of coming to the fountain-head for advice as he would of following the advice if it were offered.)

G., an alarmist, who has heard a rumor that smallpox has broken out in the adjacent village, and recommends that the entire school be vaccinated forthwith.

H., a golfer, suggesting a half-holiday, to celebrate some suddenly unearthed anniversary in the annals of Country or School.

Lastly, on the telephone, I., a valetudinarian, to announce that he is suffering from pneumonia, and will be unable to come into School until after luncheon.

To be quite just, I. is the rarest bird of all. The average schoolmaster has a perfect passion for sticking to his work when utterly unfit for it. In this respect he differs materially from his pupil, who lies in bed in the dawning hours, cudgelling his sleepy but fertile brain for a disease which—

(1) Has not been used before.

(2) Will incapacitate him for work all morning.

(3) Will not prevent him playing football in the afternoon.

But if a master sprains his ankle, he hobbles about his form-room on a crutch. If he contracts influenza, he swallows a jorum of ammoniated quinine, puts on three waistcoats, and totters into school, where he proceeds to disseminate germs among his not ungrateful charges. Even if he is rendered speechless by tonsillitis, he takes his form as usual, merely substituting written invective (chalked up on the blackboard) for the torrent of verbal abuse which he usually employs as a medium of instruction.

It is all part—perhaps an uncon-

scious part—of his permanent pose as an apostle of what is strenuous and praiseworthy. It is also due to a profound conviction that whoever of his colleagues is told off to take his form for him will indubitably undo the work of many years within a few hours.

Besides harrying the Head and expostulating with one another, the House-masters wage unceasing war with the teaching staff.

The bone of contention in every case is a boy, and the combat always follows certain well-defined lines.

A form-master overtakes a House-master hurrying to morning Chapel, and inquires carelessly—

"By the way, isn't Blinks tertius your boy?"

The House-master guardedly admits that this is so.

"Well, do you mind if I flog him?"

"Oh, come, I say, isn't that rather drastic? What has he done?"

"Nothing—not a hand's-turn—for six weeks."

"Um!" The House-master endeavors to look severely judicial. "Young Binks is rather an exceptional boy," he observes. (Young Binks always is.) "Are you quite sure you *know* him?"

The form-master, who has endured Master Binks' society for nearly two years, and knows him only too well, laughs caustically.

"Yes," he says, "I do know him; and I quite agree with you that he is rather an exceptional boy."

"Ah!" says the House-master, falling into the snare, "Then——"

"An exceptional young swab," explains the form-master.

By this time they have entered the Chapel, where they revert to their daily task of setting an example by howling one another down in the Psalms.

After Chapel the House-master takes the form-master aside and confides to him the intelligence that he has been

a House-master for twenty-five years. The form-master, suppressing an obvious retort, endeavors to return to the question of Binks, but is compelled instead to listen to a brief homily upon the management of boys in general. As neither gentleman has breakfasted, the betting as to which will lose his temper first is almost even, with odds slightly in favor of the form-master, as being the younger and hungrier man. However, it is quite certain that one of them will—probably both. The light of reason being thus temporarily obscured, they part, to meditate further repartees and complain bitterly of one another to their colleagues.

But it is very seldom that Master Binks profits by such Olympian differences as these. Possibly the House-master may decline to give the form-master permission to flog Binks, but in nine cases out of ten, being nothing if not conscientious, he flogs Binks himself, carefully explaining to the form-master afterwards, by implication only, that he has done so not from conviction, but from an earnest desire to bolster up the authority of an inexperienced and incompetent colleague. But these quibbles, as already observed, do not help the writhing Binks at all.

However, a House-master *contra mundum*, and a House-master in his own house, are very different beings. We have already seen that a bad Head-master cannot always prevent a School from being good. But a House stands or falls entirely by its House-master. If he is a good House-master it is a good House: if not, nothing can save it. And therefore the responsibility of a House-master far exceeds that of a Head.

Consider. He is *in loco parentis*—with apologies to Stalky!—to some forty or fifty of the shyest and most reserved animals in the world; one and all animated by a single desire—

namely, to prevent any fellow-creature from ascertaining what is at the back of their minds. School-girls, we are given to understand, are prone to open their hearts to one another, or to some favorite teacher, with luxurious abandonment. Not so boys. Up to a point they are frankness itself: beyond that point lie depths which can only be plumbed by instinct and intuition—qualities whose possession is the only test of a born House-master. All his flock must be an open book to him: he must understand both its collective and its individual tendencies. If a boy is inert and listless, the House-master must know whether his condition is due to natural sloth or some secret trouble, such as bullying or evil companionship. If a boy appears dour and dogged, the House-master has to decide whether he is shy or merely insolent. Private tastes and pet hobbies must also be borne in mind. The complete confidence of a hitherto unresponsive subject can often be won by a tactful reference to music or photography. The House-master must be able, too, to distinguish between brains and mere precocity, and to separate the fundamentally stupid boy from the lazy boy who is pretending to be stupid—an extremely common type. He must cultivate a keen nose for the malingerer, and at the same time keep a sharp lookout for fear lest the conscientious plodder should plod himself silly. He must discriminate between the whole-hearted enthusiast and the pretentious humbug who simulates keenness in order to curry favor. And above all, he must make allowances for heredity and home influence. Many a House-master has been able to adjust his perspective with regard to a boy by remembering that the boy has a drunken father, or a neurotic mother, or no parents at all.

He must keep a light hand on House politics, knowing everything, yet doing

little, and saying almost nothing at all. If a House-master be blatantly autocratic; if he deposes power to no one; if he prides himself upon his iron discipline; if he quells mere noise with savage ferocity and screws down the safety-valve implacably upon healthy ragging, he will reap his reward. He will render his House quiet, obedient—and furtive. Under such circumstances prefects are a positive danger. Possessing special privileges, but no sense of responsibility, they regard their office merely as a convenient and exclusive avenue to misdemeanor.

On the other hand, a House-master must not allow his prefects unlimited authority, or he will cease to be master in his own House. In other words, he must strike an even balance between sovereign and deputed power—an undertaking which has sent dynasties toppling before now.

In addition to all this, he must be an Admirable Crichton. Whatever his own particular teaching subject may be, he will be expected to be able to unravel a knotty passage in *Æschylus*, "unseen," solve a quadratic equation on sight, compose a chemical formula, or complete an elegiac couplet. He must also be prepared, at any hour of the day or night, to explain how leg-breaks are manufactured, recommend a list of novels for the House library, set a broken collar-bone, solve a jig-saw puzzle in the sick-room, assist an Old Boy in the choice of a career, or prepare a candidate for Confirmation. And the marvel is that he always does it—in addition to his ordinary day's work in school.

And what is his remuneration? One of the rarest and most precious privileges that can be granted to an Englishman—the privilege of keeping a public-house!

Let me explain. For the first twenty years of his professional career a schoolmaster works as a mere in-

structor of youth. By day he teaches his own particular subject; by night he looks over proses or corrects algebra papers. In his spare time he imparts private instruction to backward boys or scholarship candidates. Probably he bears a certain part in the supervision of the School games. He is possibly treasurer of one or two of the boys' own organizations—the Cricket Club or the Debating Society,—and as a rule he is permitted to fill up odd moments by sub-editing the School magazine or organizing sing-songs. He cannot as a rule afford to marry; so he lives the best years of his life in two rooms, looking forward to the time, in the dim and hypothetical future, when he will possess what the ordinary artisan usually acquires on passing out of his teens—a home of his own.

At length, after many days, provided that a sufficient number of colleagues die or get superannuated, comes his reward, and he enters upon the realization of his dreams. He is now a House-master, with every opportunity (and full permission) to work himself to death.

Still, you say, the laborer is worthy of his hire. A man occupying a position so onerous and responsible as this will be well remunerated.

What is his actual salary?

In many cases he receives no salary, as a House-master at all. Instead, he is accorded the privilege of running his new home as a combined lodging-house and restaurant. His spare time (which the reader will have gathered is more than considerable) is now pleasantly occupied in purchasing beef and mutton and selling them to *Binks tertius*. As his tenure of the House seldom exceeds ten or fifteen years, he has to exercise considerable commercial enterprise in order to make a sufficient "pile" to retire upon—as *Binks tertius* sometimes discovers to his cost. In other words, a scholar and gentle-

man's reward for a life of unremitting labor in one of the most exacting yet altruistic fields in the world is a license to enrich himself for a period of years by cornering the daily bread of the pupils in his charge. And yet we feel surprised, and hurt, and indignant, when foreigners suggest that we are a nation of shopkeepers.

The life of a House-master is a living example of the lengths to which the British passion for undertaking heavy responsibilities and thankless tasks can be carried. Daily, hourly, he finds himself in contact (and occasional collision) with boys—boys for whose moral and physical welfare he is responsible; who in theory at least will regard him as their natural enemy; and who occupy the greater part of their leisure time in criticizing and condemning him and everything that is his—his appearance, his character, his voice, his wife; the food that he provides and the raiment that he wears. He is harried by measles, mumps, servants, tradesmen, and parents. He feels constrained to invite every boy in his House to a meal at least once a term, which means that he is almost daily deprived of the true-born Briton's birthright of being uncommunicative at breakfast. His life is one long round of colorless routine, tempered by hair-bleaching emergencies.

But he loves it all. He maintains, and ultimately comes to believe, that his House is the only House in the School in which both justice and liberty prevail, and his boys the only boys in the world who know the meaning of hard work, good food, and *esprit de corps*. He pities all other House-masters, and tells them so at frequent intervals; and he expostulates paternally and sorrowfully with form-masters who villify the members of his cherished flock in half-term reports.

And his task is not altogether thankless. Just as the sun never sets upon

the British Empire, so it never sets upon all the Old Boys of a great public school at once. They are gone out into all lands: they are upholding the honor of the School all the world over. And wherever they are—London, Simla, Johannesburg, Nairobi, or Little Pedlington Vicarage—they never lose touch with their old House-master. His correspondence is enormous; it weighs him down: but he would not relinquish a single picture post-card of it. He knows that wherever two or three of his Old Boys are gathered together, be it in Bangalore or Buluwayo, the talk will always drift round in time to the old School and the old House. They will refer to him by his nickname—"Towser," or "Potbelly," or "Swivel-Eye,"—and reminiscences will flow.

"Do you remember the old man's daily gibe when he found us chucking bread at dinner? 'Hah! There will be a bread pudding to-morrow!'"

"Do you remember the jaw he gave us when the news came about Macpherson's V.C.?"

"Do you remember his Sunday trousers? Oh Lord!"

"Do you remember how he tanned Goat Hicks for calling The Frog a *cochon*? Fourteen, wasn't it?"

"Do you remember the grub he gave the whole House the time we won the House-match by one wicket, with old Mike away?"

"Do you remember how he broke down at prayers the night little Martin died?"

"Do you remember his apologizing to that little swine Sowerby before the whole House for losing his temper and clouting him over the head? That must have taken some doing. We rooted Sowerby afterwards for grinning."

"I always remember the time," interpolates one of the group, "when he scored me off for roller-skating on Sunday."

"How was that?"

"Well, it was this way. I had got leave off morning Chapel on some excuse or other, and was skating up and down the Long Corridor, having a grand time. The old man came out of his study—I thought he was in Chapel—and growled, looking at me over his spectacles,—you remember the way?"

"Yes, rather. Go on!"

"He growled: 'Boy, do you consider roller-skating a Sunday pastime?' I, of course, looked a fool, and said, 'No, sir.' 'Well,' chuckled the old bird, 'I do; but I always make a point of respecting a man's religious scruples. I will therefore confiscate your skates.' And he did! He gave them back to me next day, though."

"I always remember him," says another, "the time I nearly got sacked. By rights I ought to have been, but I believe he got me off at the last moment. Anyhow, he called me into his study and told me I wasn't to go after all. He didn't jaw me, but said I could take an hour off school and go and telegraph home that things were all right. My people had been having a pretty bad time over it, I knew, and so did he. I was pretty near blubbing, but I held out. Then, just as I got to the door, he called me back. I turned round, rather in a funk that the jaw was coming after all. But he growled out—

"'It's a bit late in the term. The exchequer may be low. Here is sixpence for the telegram.'"

"This time I did blub. Not one man in a million would have thought of the sixpence. As a matter of fact, fourpence-halfpenny was all I had in the world."

And so on. His ears—especially his right ear—must be burning all day long.

Of course all House-masters are not like this. If you want to hear about the other sort, take up *The Lanchester*

Tradition, by Mr. G. F. Bradby, and make the acquaintance of Mr. Chowdler—an individual example of a great type run to seed. And of course there is "Dirty Dick" in *The Hill*.

When he has fulfilled his allotted span as a House-master, our friend retires—not from schoolmastering, but from the provision trade. With his hardly-won gains he builds himself a house in the neighborhood of the school, and lives there in a state of *otium cum dignitate*. He still takes his form: he continues to do so until old age descends upon him, or a new broom at the head of affairs makes a clean sweep of the "permanent" staff.

He is mellow now. He no longer washes his hands of all responsibility for the methods of his colleagues, or thanks God that his boys are not as other masters' boys are. He does not altogether enjoy his work in school: he is getting a little deaf, and is inclined to be testy. But teaching is his meat and his drink, and his father and his mother. He sticks to it, because it holds him to life.

Though elderly now, he enjoys many of the pleasures of middle age. For instance, he has usually married late, so his children are still young; and he is therefore spared the pain, which most parents have to suffer, of seeing the brood disperse just when it begins to be needed most. Or perhaps he has been too devoted to his world-wide family of boys to marry at all. In that case he lives alone; but you may be sure that his spare bedroom is seldom empty. No Old Boy ever comes home from abroad without paying a visit to his former House-master. Rich, poor, distinguished, or obscure—they all come. They tell him of their adventures; they recall old days; they inquire into the condition of the School and the prospects of the Eleven; they fight their own battles over again.

They confide in him. They tell him things they would never tell their fathers or their wives. They bring him their ambitions, and their failures—not their successes; those are for others to speak of—even their love affairs. And he listens to them all, and advises them all, this very tender and very wise old Ulysses. To him they

Blackwood's Magazine.

are but boys still, and he would not have them otherwise.

"The heart of a boy in the body of a man," he says—"that is a combination which can never go wrong. If I have succeeded in effecting that combination in a single instance, then I have not run in vain, neither labored in vain."

AMERICAN HUMOR.

It is a somewhat venturesome task to write upon humor in an entirely serious and critical strain. Too often articles upon such a topic resolve themselves into the mere narration of well-worn jokes and stories. The full of these runs thinly to its impotent conclusion, and behind the mask of the critic is detected the anxious grin of the second-hand story teller.

Far too little, indeed, has been done towards the scientific analysis of humor. Our psychologists and philosophers have given it but a passing word as to something too light in texture to warrant a substantial examination. Kant, for example, has said that all those things excite laughter in which there is a resolution or deliverance of the absolute captive by the finite. These at least were the things that made Kant laugh; and the admission is a very honorable one. Schopenhauer, too, if I remember rightly, has said that all those concepts are amusing in which there is the subsumption of a double paradox. This, I think, no one will readily deny. But at the same time, it is still to be desired that some competent analyst of the æsthetic should lay down a general theory of the humorous which may supply a practical criterion of what is, and what is not, amusing. Till this can be accomplished, criticism must be confined to such fragmentary and

partial discussions as the present.

American humor enjoys a peculiar distinction. It belongs among that quite limited number of the products of the American continent in which the word American carries with it a sense of prestige. There is some doubt as to the merits of American manufactures and American manners. There is even more in regard to the religion, the politics, and the criminal law of the great republic. But American humor has always enjoyed in England a gay and hilarious popularity. The literary critics of England gave to Mark Twain his first recognition as a man of letters while yet the over-sophisticated intellect of Boston persisted in viewing him as a Nevada journalist. Artemus Ward, during his brief career, was the joy of English audiences, puzzled and enraptured with the very mystery of his humor. The works of Mark Twain, of Lowell, of Holmes, and Bret Harte, have been so widely read that American humor has long since been looked upon as a thing notoriously established, needing no further endorsement of its excellence. To many, indeed, it has become a tradition—the object of a wilful and indiscriminating admiration.

The distinction enjoyed by American humorous writing becomes all the more notable when one realizes the peculiar position it occupies in the general body of American literature. The quantity

of American literature—worthy of the name—produced in the last one hundred years is notoriously small. Its quality is disappointingly thin. It is an evident fact which had better be candidly confessed than courteously concealed that we people of America have not shown ourselves a literary people. Taking us altogether, black citizens and white, we outnumber the uncolored people of the British Isles by two to one. We have long outnumbered them, and a count of heads, dead and alive, for the whole nineteenth century would stand largely in our favor. Yet the great bulk of our reputable common literature of the past one hundred years has been written by the novelists, essayists, poets, and historians of the British Isles.

This literary sterility cannot be explained by lack of inspiration. What can be imagined more inspiring to the poet, or the novelist, than the advance of the outposts of American civilization into the wide valleys of the Ohio and the Mississippi, the conquest of the plains and the prairie, the first vision of the snow-clad mountains, or the mad rush of the treasure-seekers to the river valleys of the golden West? Yet of all this, how little stands chronicled, or worthily recorded, in the imaginative literature of the age: only the feeble reproduction of reality offered in the pages of such mediocre writers as Fenimore Cooper, whose Indians forget their native taciturnity to adopt the language of a New York State assembly-man, and whose youthful heroines speak the chiselled diction of the Massachusetts school-teacher. Or consider a moment the inspiration that should have been afforded by the great struggle against slavery, and the death grapple of the civil war: what have we of it as serious literature, save perhaps the pathetic prospect of Uncle Tom's dismantled cabin, and the assurance that John Brown's soul

moves forward at a constant rate of acceleration? Of this relative literary sterility on our side of the Atlantic there can be no denial. Explain it as we will, we cannot avoid the blame of it. We have the people, reckoned at least after the fashion of the census-taker; we have the inspiration, and for the production of ink, natural resources unsurpassed in the history of mankind. Shakspeare wrote on sheep-skin with a quill pen; Chaucer was without the aid of dictionary or spelling-book; Cicero used wax tablets, and the broken half of a pair of scissors; the Hebrew psalmodists wrote upside down by candle-light—yet these, and their like in London garrets, have made the literature of the world; and we of America, with our fountain pens, and linotypes, and electric presses, cannot in a hundred years turn out more real literature than the patient scribe of a mediæval scriptorium might copy in as many weeks.

Now, in this literary dearth there has been one salient exception, and this exception has been found in the province of humorous writing. Here at any rate American history, and American life, have continuously reflected themselves in a not unworthy literary product. The humorist has followed, and depicted, the progress of our Western civilization at every step. Benjamin Franklin has shown us the humor of Yankee commercialism and Pennsylvanian piety—the odd resultant of the juxtaposition of saintliness and common sense. Irving has developed the humor of Early Dutch settlement—the mynheers of the Hudson valley, with their long pipes and leisurely routine; Hawthorne presents the mingled humor and pathos of Puritanism; Hans Breitmann sings the ballad of the later Teuton; Lowell, the Mexican war, and the slavery contest; Oliver Wendell Holmes, the softer side of the rigid culture of Boston; Mark Twain

and Bret Harte bring with them the new vigor of the West; and, at the close of the tale, the sagacious Mr. Dooley appears as the essayist of the Irish immigrant. No very lofty literature is this, perhaps, yet faithful and real of its kind, more truly and distinctively American than anything else produced upon the continent.

The basis of the humorous, the amusing, the ludicrous, lies in the incongruity, the unfittingness, the want of harmony among things; and this incongruity, according to the various stages of evolution of human society and of the art of speech, may appear in primitive form, or may assume a more complex manifestation. The crudest and most primitive form of all "disharmonies" is that offered by the aspect of something smashed, broken, defeated, knocked out of its original shape and purpose. Hence it is that Hobbes tells us that the Prototype of human amusement is found in the exulting laugh of the savage over his fallen foe whose head he has cracked with a club. This represents the very origin and fountain source of laughter. "The passion of laughter," says Hobbes, "springs from a sudden glory arising from a conception of some eminence in ourselves, as compared with the misfortunes of others." It seems but a sad commentary upon the history of humanity to think that the original basis of our amusement should appear in the form which is called demoniacal merriment. But there is much to support the view. "The pleasure of the ludicrous," says Plato, "originates in the sight of another's misfortune." Nay, we have but to consider the cruder forms of humor even among civilized people to realize that the original type still persists. The laughter of a street urchin at the sight of a fat gentleman slipping on a banana peel, the amusement of a child in knocking down ninepins, or demolish-

ing a snow man, the joy of a school-boy in breaking window panes—all such cases indicate the principle of original demoniacal amusement at work.

Even in reputable modern literature we can find innumerable examples of merriment of the lower type created in this fashion. We are all familiar with Bret Harte's poem about the circumstances which terminated the existence of the literary society formed at the mining camp of Stanislaw. The verse in which the fun of the poem culminates runs:

Then Abner Dean, of Angels, raised a
point of order, when
A chunk of old red sandstone hit him
in the abdomen,
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile,
and curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings inter-
ested him no more.

Now this humor of discomfiture, of destructiveness and savage triumph, may be expected to appear not only among a primitive people, but also in any case where the settlement of a new country reproduces to some extent the circumstances of primitive life. One can therefore readily understand that it enters freely into the composition of the humor of American Western life. The humor of the Arkansas mule, of the bucking broncho, of the Kentucky duel, is all of this primitive character. Mark Twain's earlier and shorter sketches contain much material of this sort. An excellent illustration of it is found in the essay called "Journalism in Tennessee." The following extract therefrom, a little abbreviated for the sake of condensation, may be offered in citation:

The Editor of the Johnson County *Warwhoop* was dictating an article (to Mark Twain, the Associate Editor) on the Encouraging Progress of Moral and Intellectual Development in America, when "in the midst of his work somebody shot at him through the open window and marred the symmetry of

his ear." "Ah," he said, "that is that scoundrel Smith, of the *Moral Volcano*; he was due yesterday." He snatched a navy revolver from his belt and fired. Smith dropped, shot in the thigh. The Editor went on with his dictation. Just as he finished a hand grenade came down the stove pipe, and the explosion shattered the stove into a thousand fragments. However, it did no other damage than to knock out a couple of my teeth. Shortly after a brick came through the window and gave me a considerable jolt in the back. The chief said: "That was the colonel, likely." A moment after the colonel appeared in the doorway with a dragoon revolver in his hand. "I have a little account to settle with you," he said; "if you are at leisure we will begin." Both pistols rang out at the same moment. The chief lost a lock of his hair, and the colonel's bullet ended its career in my thigh. The colonel's left shoulder was chipped a little. They fired again. Both missed their men this time, but I got my share—a shot in the arm. I said I believed I would go out and take a walk, as this was a private interview. Both gentlemen begged me to keep my seat.

It will, of course, be readily seen that the humorous quality of the above is of a mixed character, but the discomfort of the associate editor enters largely into it.

Now, this primitive form of fun is of a decidedly anti-social character. It runs counter to other instincts, those of affection, pity, unselfishness, upon which the progressive development of the race has largely depended. As a consequence of this, the basis of humor tends in the course of social evolution to alter its original character. It becomes a condition of amusement that no serious harm or injury shall be inflicted, but that only the appearance or simulation of it shall be present. Indeed, Plato himself adds, as a proviso to the definition which I have quoted above, that the misfortune which excites mirth in question must

involve no serious harm. Hence it comes about that the sight of a humped back or a crooked foot is droll only to the mind of a savage or a child; while the queer gyration of a person whose foot has gone to sleep, and who tries in vain to walk, may excite laughter in the civilized adult by affording the appearance of crooked limbs without the reality. This is perhaps what Kant meant by the resolution of the absolute. On the other hand, perhaps it is not.

When the development of humor reaches this stage its basis is shifted from the appearance of destructiveness and demolition to that of the *incongruous*. Man's advancing view of what is harmonious, purposeful, and properly adjusted to its surroundings, begins to cause him a sense of intellectual superiority, a tickling of amused vanity at the sight of that which misses its mark, which betrays a maladjustment of means to end, a departure from the proper type of things. The idea of contrast, incongruity, of the false semblance between the correct and the incorrect, becomes the basic principle of the ludicrous.

To this stage of the development of the ludicrous belongs the amusement one feels at the sight of a juggler swallowing yards of tape, or of a circus clown wearing a little round hat the size of a pill-box.

Much of the humor of the farce and the pantomime, the transformation scene of the musical comedy, and the medley of the circus ring is of this class. Just why such appearances should excite laughter, why the sense of pleasure experienced should manifest itself in certain muscular movements, is a physiological, and not a psychological problem. Herbert Spencer tells us that the thing called a laugh is a sort of explosion of nervous energy, disappointed in its expected path, and therefore attacking the mus-

cles of the face. Admirers of Spencer's scientific method may find in this plausible statement a pleasing finality, though why the explosion in question should attack the face rather than other parts of the body still seems a matter of doubt.

Now, this principle of intellectual pleasure excited by contrast or incongruity, once started on an upward path of development, loses more and more its anti-social character, until at length it appears no longer antagonistic to the social feelings but contributory to them. The final stage of the development of humor is reached when amusement no longer arises from a single "funny" idea, meaningless contrast, or odd play upon words, but rests upon a prolonged and sustained conception of the incongruities of human life itself. The shortcomings of our existence, the sad contrast of our aims and our achievements, the little fretting aspiration of the day that fades into the nothingness of to-morrow, kindle in the mellowed kind a sense of gentle amusement from which all selfish exultation has been chastened by the realization of our common lot of sorrow. On this higher plane humor and pathos mingle and become one. To the Creator perhaps in retrospect the little story of man's creation and his fall seems sadly droll.

It is of this final stage of the evolution of amusement that one of the keenest of modern analysts has written thus: "When men become too sympathetic to laugh at each other for individual defects or infirmities which once moved their mirth, it is surely not strange that sympathy should then begin to unite them, not in common lamentation for their common defects and inferiorities, but in common amusement at them." This is the sentiment that has inspired the great masterpieces of humorous literature—this is the humor of Cervantes smiling

sadly at the passing of the elder chivalry, and of Hawthorne depicting the sombre melancholies of Puritanism against the background of the silent woods of New England. This is the really great humor—unquotable in single phrases and paragraphs, but producing its effect in a long-drawn picture of human life, in which the universal element of human imperfection—alike in all ages and places—excites at once our laughter and our tears.

From this general setting of the subject let me turn to the more immediate consideration of American humor as such, and inquire what special sources of contrast and incongruity, what particular modes of thought and expression might well be engendered in American life, and reflected in American writing. Perhaps the most evident, and the most far-reaching, factor in the question is the circumstance that we Americans are a new people, divorced from the traditions, good and bad, of European life, and are able thereby to take a highly objective view of European ideas and institutions. Our freedom from the hereditary and conventional view has enabled our writers to take an "outside" view of things, and to discover many contrasts and incongruities hidden from the European eye. We have been able to view the older civilization from a distance, and to judge it on its merits. The objective view—the deliberate insistence in judging things as they are, and not as hallowed tradition interprets them—forms the essential "idea" of much of what is considered typically Yankee humor. It is one of the leading qualities in the humor of Franklin's Poor Richard, of Major Downing, of Sam Slick, and of Hosea Biglow. It is connected essentially with the development of Yankee character, and of the Yankee view of the outside world.

"A strange hybrid, indeed" [said an English writer half a century ago]

"did circumstance beget in the new world upon the old Puritan stock, and the earth never before saw such mystic practicalism, such niggard geniality, such calculating fanaticism, such cast-iron enthusiasm, such sour-faced humor, such close-fisted generosity."

This peculiar vein of Yankee character has nowhere been better exploited for purposes of humor than in James Russell Lowell's *Biglow Papers*. Here we have New England wisdom detached from the conventional view of things; how complete and surprising this detachment may sometimes appear is seen in the poem on the Mexican war, intended as a protest against the rampant militarism of the Southern Expansionists, in which occurs the following verse:

We were gittin' on nicely up here to
our village,

With good old idees o' wut's right
an' wut ain't;

We kind o' thought Christ went agin
war and pillage,

And that eppyletts worn't the best
mark of a saint.

But John P.

Robinson—He

Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded
idee.

A great deal of Mark Twain's humor rests upon a similar basis. The humorous contrast is found by turning the "artistic innocence" of the Western eye to bear upon the civilization of the old world. The result is amply seen in those two most amusing of American books, *The Innocents Abroad*, and the *New Pilgrim's Progress*. A few words from a preface written by Mr. Hingston for an English edition of the *Innocents* admirably develop the fundamental basis of the contrast here utilized as a source of humor.

From the windows of the newspaper office where Mark Twain worked (the office of the *Territorial Enterprise*, of Virginia City, Nevada) the American desert was visible: within a radius of ten miles Indians were encamped

among the sage bush: the whole city was populated with miners, adventurers, traders, gamblers, and that rough-and-tumble class which a mining town in a new territory collects together. He visited Europe and Asia without any of the preparations for travel which most travellers undertake. His object was to see things as they are and record the impressions they produced upon a man of humorous perception, who paid his first visit to Europe without a travelling tutor, a university education, or a stock of conventional sentimentality packed in a carpet bag. He looked at objects as an untravelled American might be expected to look, and measured men and manners by the gauge he had set up for himself among the gold-hills of California and the silver mines of half-civilized Nevada.

It will be understood that a humorist enjoying the special advantage of so profound an ignorance was in a position to make amazing discoveries. I regret that the limited space at my disposal prevents an elaborate citation from Mark Twain's descriptions of Europe. But perhaps his reflections upon the old masters and their works in the picture galleries of Italy may serve as illustrative:

The originals [he writes] were handsome when they were new, but they are not new now. The colors are dim with age; the countenances are scaled and marred, and nearly all expression is gone from them; the hair is a dead blur upon the wall. There is no life in the eyes. But humble as I am and unpretending in the matter of Art, my researches among the painted monks and martyrs have not been wholly in vain. I have striven hard to learn. I have had some success. I have mastered some things, possibly of trifling import in the eyes of the learned but to me they give pleasure, and I take as much pride in my little acquisitions as do others who have learned far more and who love to display them fully as well. When I see a monk going about with a lion and looking tranquilly up to heaven, I know that that is Saint

Mark. When I see a monk with a book and a pen, looking tranquilly up to heaven and trying to think of a word, I know that that is Saint Matthew. When I see a monk sitting on a rock, looking tranquilly up to heaven with a human skull beside him and without any other baggage, I know that it is Saint Jerome. When I see other monks looking tranquilly up to heaven but having no trade-mark, I always ask who these parties are. I do this because I humbly wish to learn. I have seen thirteen thousand Saint Jeromes, twenty-two thousand Saint Marks, sixteen thousand Saint Matthews, and sixty thousand Saint Sebastians, together with four million of assorted monks undesignated, and I feel encouraged to believe that when I have seen some more of these various pictures and had a larger experience I shall begin to take a more absorbing interest in them.

As a subdivision of this Yankee humor which finds its starting-point in the unprejudiced wisdom of the detached mind, is to be reckoned another mode of literary expression characteristic of the New England cast of thought. This is the production of a humorous effect by the affectation of a deep simplicity, a literary quality which perhaps had its root in the shrewdness in bargain-driving, highly cultivated among a people pious but pecuniary. No one was a greater master of this style than Artemus Ward. Ward was perhaps a comedian rather than a humorist. His early death prevented his leaving any great literary legacy to the world, but his lectures in New York, and London, of forty years ago are still held in kindly recollection. It was his custom to appear upon the platform in what seemed a deep and embarrassed sadness; to apologize in a foolish and hesitating manner for the miserable little "panorama" lighted with wax candles which was supposed to offer the material of his lecture; to regret that the moon in the pano-

rama was out of place; then in a shamefaced way to commence a rambling "Lecture upon Africa," in which, by a sort of inadvertence, nothing was said of Africa till the concluding sentence, when, with a kind of idiotic enthusiasm which he knew so well how to simulate, he earnestly recommended his audience to buy maps of Africa, and study them. The following little speech, made in explanation of his panorama, may be taken as typical of his style:

"This picture" [he used to say] "is a work of art; it is an oil painting done in petroleum. It is by the Old Masters. It was the last thing they did before dying. They did this, and then they expired. I wish you were nearer to it so that you could see it better. I wish I could take it to your residences and let you see it by daylight. Some of the greatest artists in London come here every morning before daylight with lanterns to look at it. They say they never saw anything like it before, and they hope they never shall again."

Somewhat similar in conception is the wilful simplicity of his statement: "I was born in Massachusetts, but I think I must have been descended from an old Persian family, as my elder brother was called Cyrus." On one occasion he startled a London audience by beginning his lecture with the words: "Those of you who have been in Newgate"—the audience broke into laughter. Ward looked at them in reproach, and added—"and have stayed there for any considerable time." Of a cognate character is the ultra-simple announcement which he printed at the foot of his lecture programme: "Mr. Artemus Ward must refuse to be responsible for any debts of his own contraction."

Among more modern writers, Mr. Edgar Wilson Nye has fully availed himself of this truly American principle of the deliberate assumption of

simplicity. The episode of his visit to the Navy Yard in the days before Mr. Roosevelt, when the American Navy was a proper target of national scorn, is a fine example of a humorously wilful misconception of the purpose of things:

"The condition of our navy," says Mr. Nye, "need not give rise to any serious apprehension. The yard in which it is placed at Brooklyn is enclosed by a high brick wall affording it ample protection. A man on board the *Atlanta* at anchor at Brooklyn is quite as safe as he would be at home. The guns on board the *Atlanta* are breechloaders; this is a great improvement on the old-style gun, because in former times in case of a naval combat the man who went outside the ship to load the gun while it was raining frequently contracted pneumonia."

But let us return from the humor of simplicity to the main form of Yankee humor of which it is a part, the humor based on that freedom from traditional ideas and conventional views, characteristic of a new country. It will readily be perceived that, unless sustained and held in check by the presence at its side of an elevated national literature, this form of writing easily degenerates. Freedom from convention runs into crudity and coarseness; and a tone of cheap vulgarity is introduced calculated grievously to discredit the literature to which it belongs. It is unfortunate that even the work of the best American humorists is disfigured in this way. It would be offensive here to cite in detail such conspicuous examples as the account of the Turkish bath in the *Pilgrim's Progress*. An excellent example of what is meant is offered by Mark Twain's *Cannibalism in the Cars*. In this little sketch the vein of real humor may be obscured in the minds of many readers by the gruesomeness of the setting. I cite a part of it, not to excite laughter, but to illustrate the

point under discussion. The story is that of a number of Congressmen, snowed in, in a railway train, and, after a week of confinement, driven by hunger to the awful extremity of choosing one of their number to die that the rest may live. The fun of the piece is supposed to lie in the contrast offered by the awful circumstances of the event, and the formal legislative procedure which the Congressmen, trained in American politics, apply to the case from sheer force of habit:

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Richard H. Gaston, of Minnesota, "it can be delayed no longer. We must determine which of us shall die to furnish food for the rest."

Mr. John S. Williams, of Illinois, rose and said, "Gentlemen, I nominate the Reverend Jas. Sawyer, of Tennessee."

Mr. Wm. R. Adams, of Indiana, said, "I nominate Mr. Daniel Slote, of New York."

Mr. Slote: "Gentlemen, I decline in favor of Mr. John A. Van Nastrand, of New Jersey."

Mr. Van Nastrand: "Gentlemen, I am a stranger among you; I have not sought the distinction that has been conferred upon me, and I feel a delicacy—"

Mr. Morgan, of Alabama (interrupting): "I move the previous question." The motion was carried. A recess of half-an-hour was then taken, after which Mr. Roger, of Missouri, said: "Mr. President, I move to amend the motion by striking out the name of the Rev. Mr. Sawyer and substituting that of M. Lucius Harris, of St. Louis, who is well and honorably known to us all. I do not wish to be understood as casting the least reflection upon the higher character and standing of Mr. Sawyer. I respect and esteem him as much as any gentleman here; but none of us can be blind to the fact that he has lost more flesh during the week that we have lain here than any of us."

The Chairman: "What action will the house take upon the gentleman's motion?"

Mr. Halliday, of Virginia: "I move to amend the report by further substituting the name of Mr. Harvey Davis, of Oregon. It may be urged, gentlemen, that the hardships and privations of a frontier life have rendered Mr. Davis tough. But, gentlemen, is this a time to cavil at toughness? No, gentlemen, bulk is what we desire—substance, weight, bulk—these are the supreme requisites now—not latent genius or education."

The amendment was put to the vote and lost. Rev. Mr. Sawyer was declared elected. The announcement created considerable dissatisfaction among the friends of Mr. Harvey Davis, the defeated candidate, and there was talk of demanding a new ballot, but the preparations for supper diverted the attention of the Harvey Davis faction, and the happy announcement that Mr. Sawyer was ready presently drove all animosity to the winds.

We sat down with hearts full of gratitude to the finest supper that had blessed our vision for seven days. I liked Sawyer. He might have been better done perhaps, but he was worthy of all praise. I wrote his wife so afterwards. Next morning we had Morgan, of Alabama, for breakfast. He was one of the finest men I sat down to—handsome, educated, refined, spoke several languages fluently—a perfect gentleman.

Enough, I think, has been quoted to illustrate my meaning, and I spare my readers the references to "soup," to "juciness," and to "flavor," in which the subsequent part of the article abounds.

Let us pass on to consider another broad division of American humor, the Humor of Exaggeration. It is not to be supposed that we Americans hold any monopoly of this mode of merriment. It is at least as old as Herodotus, whose efforts deserve all the credit attached to a praiseworthy beginning. Nay, even before Herodotus we find the humor of monstrous exaggeration fully exploited in the primitive literature of Norway. "The great giant of

the Eddas," says one of the Sagas, "sits at the end of the world in Eagle's shape, and when he flaps his wings all the winds come that blow upon man." The suggested parallel to the American eagle is too obvious, and I pass it by. It is at least supposable that this element of exaggeration entered largely into all primitive folk song: it is likely that many passages in Homer, and the Ancients, which to the scholars of the day are mere misstatements of ignorance, were greeted in their time by the loud guffaws of barbarian listeners.

But though there is no monopoly of exaggeration in America, the circumstances of our country and its growth tend to foster it as a national characteristic. The amazing rapidity of American progress, and the very bigness of our continent, has bred in us a corresponding bigness of speech; the fresh air of the Western country, and the joy of living in the open, has inspired us with a sheer exuberant love of lying that has set its mark upon our literature. Examples of the literary quality thereby inspired might be quoted in hundreds, but one or two must suffice. An old American newspaper of the year 1850 at once illustrates and satirizes this mode of national thought thus:

"This is a glorious country. It has longer rivers and more of them, and they are muddier and deeper and run faster, and rise higher and make more noise and fall lower and do more damage than anybody else's rivers. It has more lakes, and they are bigger and deeper and clearer and wetter than those of any other country. Our railway cars are bigger and run faster and pitch off the track oftener and kill more people than all other railway cars in any other country. Our steamboats carry bigger loads, are longer and broader, burst their boilers oftener, and send up their passengers higher, and the captains swear harder than the captains in any other country. Our

men are bigger and longer and thicker; can fight harder and faster, drink more mean whiskey, chew more bad tobacco than in every other country.

A beautiful illustration of the same vein, not altogether unconscious, is found in Daniel Webster's speech to the citizens of Rochester:

"Men of Rochester, I am glad to see you. I am glad to see your noble city. Gentlemen, I saw your falls which I am told are one hundred and fifty feet high. This is a very interesting fact. Gentlemen, Rome had her Cæsar, her Scipio, her Brutus, but Rome in her proudest days had never a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high. Gentlemen, Greece had her Pericles, her Demosthenes, and her Socrates, but Greece in her palmiest days had never a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high. *Men of Rochester, go on.*"

It is notorious that this form of American fun has always proved somewhat difficult of comprehension to our British cousins. "I was prepared," said Artemus Ward, in speaking of one of his English audiences, "for a good deal of gloom, but I did not expect to find them so completely depressed." It is interesting to know that the Right Hon. John Bright, one of the auditors of the lecture, said next morning: "The information is meagre, and is presented in a desultory manner: indeed, I cannot help questioning some of the statements."

This divergence of national taste is really fundamental in British and American art and literature, and it forms the line of division between the British and American conception of a joke. The Englishman loves what is literal. His conception of a "funny picture" is the drawing of a trivial accident in a hunting field, depicting exactly everything as it happened, with the discomfited horseman dripping with water from having fallen into a stream; or covered with mud by being thrown into a bog. The American

funny picture tries to convey the same ideas by exaggeration. It gives us negroes with boots that are two feet long, collars six inches high, and diamonds that shoot streaks of light across the paper. The English cartoonist makes a literal drawing. He may draw Mr. Lloyd George as a chimney-sweep or a nurse-girl or as a bull-terrier, but the face is always the face of Mr. Lloyd George. The American cartoonist, on the contrary, reduces Mr. Roosevelt to a set of teeth with spectacles, Sir Wilfrid Laurier to a lock of hair, and the German Kaiser to a pair of mustachios. In either case, the object sought may be attained or missed. British literalism in comic art or literature easily fades into insipid dullness; pointless stories of "awfully amusing things," told just as they happened, make one long for the sound of a literary lie. American exaggeration in comic art runs to seed in the wooden symbolism that depicts a skating accident by a series of concentric circles. American exaggeration in literature passes the bounds of common sense, and becomes mere meaningless criminality.

It has been impossible in the short compass of this article to say much of the part of American literature which moves upon the highest plane of humor, in which the mere incongruous "funniness" of the ludicrous is replaced by the larger view of life. In plain truth, not much of what is called American humor is of this class. The writings of Nathaniel Hawthorne, the works of Mark Twain (not as cited in single passages or jokes, but considered in their broad aspect, and in their view of life), present the universal element. But the generality of American humor lacks profundity, and wants that stimulating aid of the art of expression which can be found only amongst a literary people. The Americans produce humorous writing because of

their intensely humorous perception of things, and in despite of the fact that they are not a literary people. The British people, essentially a people of exceptions, produce a higher form of humorous literature because of their literary spirit, and in spite of the fact that their general standard of humorous perception is lower. In the one case, humor forces literature. In the other literature forces humor.

Nor can it be fairly said that the future of humorous writing upon our continent looks bright. It is hard to see how the prevailing neglect of letters, the prevailing attempt to reduce education to a mechanical, visible,

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proveable process that often kills the spirit within, the prevailing passion for specialized study that substitutes for the man of letters of the Oxford type the machine-made pedant of our American colleges—it is hard to see how all this is likely to aid in the creation of a great national literature. Without such a literature humorous writing cannot stand alone. The original impetus which created American humor has largely spent its force, nor is it likely that, in the absence of a widespread literary spirit, anything else will be left of the original vein of Yankee merriment except the factory-made fun of the Sunday journalist.

Stephen Leacock.

TWO TERRORISTS.

"You ought to put me in de papers," said Mr. Dimidor Stiffskofsky. "I am a singular man. I have had a great life."

And Dimidor Stiffskofsky's very large wife, who, like poverty and his ear-trumpet, was always with him, corroborated this statement.

"Yes," she said. "You must put Dimidor into de papers. He has had a great life."

Mrs. (or Madame, or Frau, or Gospadorin) Stiffskofsky nodded sagely—a confused conglomeration of chins.

"Once," said Mr. Dimidor Stiffskofsky, reminiscently, "once, when I was in Breslau, dey cut off all my gas. Also, dey put me into prison."

"Yes," assented Madame Stiffskofsky, "dey put him into prison. Also, dey cut off all our gas."

Madame Stiffskofsky spoke these words in a massive, tragic manner. She expanded her chest. She expanded her chins. She gesticulated.

Little Dimidor—a weazened person, in black suiting, with cigarette-stained fingers, a bald head, and a sparsely

tufted chin, connected himself up to the ear-trumpet—an ear-trumpet of imposing dimensions. He said:—

"In Russia, many years ago, at the time when I was a student, they would have sent me to Siberia, but I retreated from the country, on board a ship."

"Yes," said Madame Stiffskofsky, "he retreated on a ship."

"I was extremely sick," said Dimidor.

"Heaven!" ejaculated his lady: "He was unspeakably sick."

"All Revolutionists feel sick at times," I submitted. "And anyhow, you got away. It was surely worth it."

"Got away!" repeated Dimidor. "Certainly I got away! But where did I get to? I got to Middlesbrough. *Middlesbrough*. My God!"

The chins formed fours. And in an unemotional, and almost military manner, Madame Stiffskofsky repeated her partner's exclamation. "Middlesbrough. My God!"

"And you could write a whole paper—full," mused Dimidor, "about the

trouble I experienced in getting to Middlesbrough. I had to go through Constantinople."

"And in Constantinople," remarked the voice beyond the chins, "they took away his trousers."

"That is true," cried Dimidor: "They deprived me of all decency. For days I was confined to a wet cellar. The Secret Police of Russia, they very nearly re-captured me."

"Also," added Madame Stiffskofsky, "he contracted dis pain in de ear. Dis pain has remained here. It has always remained."

"Ah!" exclaimed Dimidor: "My ear! My poor ear! Oh, my dear friend, I have had a great life. You must put me into de papers."

"I will communicate," I said, "with the editor of *The Lancet*."

"You are kind," exclaimed Dimidor. "I ought to be put into de papers. I have had a great life. In America—at a place called Cincinnati—I was arrested by the Sheriff. They fined me One Thousand Dollars for raising a conspiracy at the Glue Works. But still I did not despair. I had still a little money, and I returned to England—to Middlesbrough—where my books and some of my best clothes, and my wife's best clothes, were still residing with a landlady of the town. I returned to Middlesbrough. 'The Social Revolution,' I thought, must still go forward!"

"Aha!" cried Madame Stiffskofsky: "The Social Revolution must always go forward. That is certain."

"At Middlesbrough," pursued M. Stiffskofsky, "I became confused in the minds of the authorities with certain absurd theoretical people—Trades Unionists, Labor Party men, and so on. I was much watched. But the Police need not to have troubled themselves. I was passive in Middlesbrough. I had studied Middlesbrough. It seemed to me that whatever else might happen

to Middlesbrough, this town would not become celebrated as the English cradle of the Social Revolution. I therefore made no effort—no effort at all—to educate this city in the theories of Direct Action. But the police still interfered with me; so I had to go away from Middlesbrough. Ah, my friend, I have had a great life! You must certainly put me into de papers."

"You must put him into *all* de papers," stated Madame Stiffskofsky, in a dry, judicial voice.

"Having still a little money left—but not much," continued M. Stiffskofsky, "I then came to London. Madame Stiffskofsky, my faithful companion through all these troubles, came with me. We had made up our minds that whatever happened, whoever might suffer, at all costs, the Social Revolution must still go forward."

"Forward! Always forward!" quoth the authoritative voice of Madame Stiffskofsky, amid an imposing demonstration of chins.

"I had not been in London three months," pursued M. Stiffskofsky, "when, outside the Albert Hall, where a demonstration of our antipathy to what is called Justice was taking place, a policeman assaulted me with his mallet, entirely destroying my hat and two bones in my head. 'This,' I said to myself, becomes exciting!" Ah, my dear comrade, I have led a great life. You must put it all into de papers."

"All!" intoned the chorus of chins: "ALL!"

"Then," M. Stiffskofsky went on, "my money was all gone. And then it became a little hard for us. I was forced to learn the unpleasant process of sticking up cigars. Madame, here, trimmed hats. But we did not give in. We had our reward in the progress of internationalism, in the rapid development of the idea of brotherhood, in the glorious march forward of the

Social Revolution. That was all which mattered to us."

"That was all which mattered," croaked the chins.

"But at this time, I am sorry to say," continued my celebrated friend, "there was a lot of untrue gossip going on among the thinking people of Aldgate, where we lived. It was said that we were married—me and Madame here. *Legally* married. It was very painful to us, this gossip. Because, since we were little: since we could think at all, we have not believed in marriage. We have been free friends, always, Madame and I."

"Free friends—always!" testified that lady.

"So then, I would have gone away from London. But I had no money to go away. What a life this is!

"Ah, I have had a great life. You must put it in de papers. It all deserves to be put into de papers." M. Stiffskofsky paused, and sighed. "When I next became an object for the police it was more serious. They were on horseback, and they were very large. It was when the women were defiant, and were marching in a body up to Parliament. I do not understand women: but I understand very well the idea of marching in a body up to Parliament. The large policemen, on their large horses, rode all among them, very roughly. And I was marching with them, and my passions were excited. So I pulled a large policeman on his leg, and I pulled him from his horse and he became a spectacle of amusement, and the mud was splashed into his face. So this time, it was serious. They put me into prison for one month."

"One month!" exclaimed the echo.

"And that was very hard," continued Dimidor. "There was no work at all when I came out, because they had determined my engagement at the

place where cigars are licked. Also, Madame here had received an immediate dismissal from the shop which paid her for trimming hats. It was very hard for Madame. During many days, when I was in prison, she had no food to eat. I should not have blamed Madame, then, if in her despair she had become a little bit unfaithful to me."

"Ah, no," protested Madame: "I was too fat."

"Therefore, you see," pursued M. Stiffskofsky, "we have had a great life and we are deserving to be put into de papers, for an example to young brave people who think like we do. And all the brave young people will one day think like we do."

"One day!" said Madame Stiffskofsky.

"But there is one thing," added Dimidor, coming closer to me with his ear-trumpet: "There is one thing which you must *not* put into de papers. We are ashamed about it. It is the money which we now have, and which we have never earned. From the will of my uncle at Kieff, there was a little money came to me—a few thousand roubles, a few hundred pounds. And my cousin at Kieff, my uncle's son, he wrote me a letter to tell me let the money stop with him for a little while: for a year, perhaps, because he was entering into a partnership over some oil-fields, in Baku, and there would be a great return from this. And so we were tempted to make more of our money. Life had been so hard to us. We had lived so many years so very cheap. And all for the Social Revolution."

"For the Social Revolution!" The voice behind the chins pealed forth in muffled, solemn tones.

"And so we wrote to our cousin, in Kieff, to keep the money and make more of it. And this he did. We now are very rich. We have three thou-

sand pounds. But we do not live extravagant, and I swear to you that much of what we have is spent for others. We still think always of the Social Revolution."

"Always!" said the lady.

"But we do not wish that you should put this news into de papers, because de world does not always behave too

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charitable. We are ashamed of this money which we did not earn."

I uttered promises.

But M. Stiffskofsky is now dead. And when he died, Madame Stiffskofsky and her chins, his free friends, took laudanum, and became dead also.

So I feel that my promise is no longer binding.

A. Neil Lyons.

THE PROBLEM OF LIFE.

The noise of the retreating sea came pleasantly to us from a distance. Celia was lying on her—I never know how to put this nicely—well, she was lying face downwards on a rock and gazing into a little pool which the tide had forgotten about and left behind. I sat beside her and annoyed a limpet. Three minutes ago I had taken it suddenly by surprise and with an Herculean effort moved it an eighteenth of a millimetre westwards. My silence since then was lulling it into a false security, and in another two minutes I hoped to get a move on it again.

"Do you know," said Celia with a puzzled look on her face, "sometimes I think I'm quite an ordinary person after all."

"You aren't a little bit," I said lazily; "you're just like nobody else in the world."

"Well, of course, you had to say that."

"No, I hadn't. Lots of husbands would merely have yawned." I felt one coming and stopped it just in time. Waiting for limpets to go to sleep is drowsy work. "But why are you so morbid about yourself suddenly?"

"I don't know," she said. "Only every now and then I find myself thinking the most *obvious* thoughts."

"We all do," I answered, as I stroked my limpet gently. The noise

of our conversation had roused it, but a gentle stroking motion (I am told by those to whom it has confided) will frequently cause its muscles to relax. "The great thing is not to speak them. Still, you'd better tell me now. What is it?"

"Well," she said, her cheeks perhaps a little pinker than usual, "I was just thinking that life was very wonderful. But it's a *silly* thing to say."

"It's holiday time," I reminded her. "The necessity of sprinkling our remarks with thoughtful words like 'economic' and 'sporadic' is over for a bit. Let us be silly." I scratched in the rock the goal to which I was urging my limpet and took out my watch. "Three thirty-five. I shall get him there by four."

Celia was gazing at two baby fishes who played in and out a bunch of seaweed. Above the sea-weed an anemone sat fatly.

"I suppose they're all just as much alive as we are," she said thoughtfully. "They marry"—I looked at my limpet with a new interest—"and bring up families and go about their business, and it all means just as much to them as it does to us."

"My limpet's business affairs mean nothing to me," I said firmly. "I am only wrapped up in him as a sprinter."

"Aren't you going to try to move him again?"

"He's not quite ready yet. He still has his suspicions."

Celia dropped into silence. Her next question showed that she had left the pool for a moment.

"Are there any people in Mars?" she asked.

"People down here say that there aren't. A man told me the other day that he knew this for a fact. On the other hand, people in Mars know for a fact that there isn't anybody on the Earth. Probably they are both wrong."

"I should like to know a lot about things," sighed Celia. "Do you know anything about limpets?"

"Only that they stick like billy-o."

"I suppose more about them is known than that?"

"I suppose so. By people who have made a specialty of them. For one who has preferred to amass general knowledge rather than to specialize it is considered enough to know that they stick like billy-o."

"You haven't specialized in anything, have you?"

"Only in wives."

Celia smiled and went on, "How do you make a specialty of limpets?"

"Well, I suppose you—er—study them. You sit down and—and watch them. Probably after dark they get up and do something. And of course, in any case, you can always dissect one and see what he's had for breakfast. One way and another you get to know things about them."

"They must have a lot of time for thinking," said Celia, regarding my limpet with her head on one side. "Tell me, how do they know that there are no men in Mars?"

I sat up with a sigh.

"Celia, you do dodge about so. I have barely brought together and classified my array of facts about things in this world, when you've dashed up to another one. What is the connection between Mars and limpets? If

Punch.

there are any limpets in Mars they are fresh-water ones. In the canals."

"Oh, I just wondered," she said. "I mean"—she wrinkled her forehead in the effort to find words for her thoughts—"I'm wondering what everything means, and why we're all here, and what limpets are for, and, supposing there are people in Mars, if we're the real people whom the world was made for, or if *they* are." She stopped and added, "One evening after dinner, when we get home, you must tell me all about *everything*."

Celia has a beautiful idea that I can explain everything to her. I suppose I must have explained a stymie or a no-ball very cleverly once.

"Well," I said, "I can tell you what limpets are for now. They're like sheep and cows and horses and pheasants and—and any other animal. They're just for *us*. At least so the wise people say."

"But we don't eat limpets."

"No, but they can amuse us. This one"—and with a sudden leap I was behind him as he dozed and I had dashed him forward another eighteenth of a millimetre—"this one has amused *me*."

"Perhaps," said Celia thoughtfully and I don't think it was quite a nice thing for a young woman to say, "perhaps we're only meant to amuse the people in Mars."

"Then," I said lazily, "let's hope they are amused."

* * * * *

But that was nearly two weeks before war was declared. Celia has said no more on the subject since her one afternoon's unrest, but she looks at me curiously sometimes, and I fear that the problem of life leaves her more puzzled than ever. At the risk of betraying myself to her as "quite an ordinary person after all" I confess that just at the moment it leaves me puzzled too.

A. A. M.

PATRIOTIC POETRY.*

Every element of patriotism is in Deborah's song of victory: "Praise ye the Lord for the avenging of Israel"—the triumphant onset dies down to a beautiful lament for the forsaken highways, the ruined villages, the cowardice of the past. Then comes the call to arms, the awakening—the gathering together of the loyal princes and governors, yes, and of penmen, scorn for the fainthearted, curses for the treacherous—Asher, Reuben, Meroz. From these the song flames up again into imaginative splendor with its stars and prancings, narrows its view to the tent of Jael, to the mother of Sisera hearkening in vain at her window for the sound of the chariot wheels and the son that will never return, and sinks like the peace of evening to its close:—"So let all thine enemies perish, O Lord; but let them that love him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might." There is no patriotic poem in the language to compare with it. And though Mr. Kipling has proved himself a close student of the Old Testament, it is unlikely to be outrivalled in its kind. For the poetic spirit of the time is less barbaric, more chivalrous, more introspective. And the poets of to-day, when, if ever in her history, "all the youth of England are afire," cannot but regard the enormous conflict in which she is now engaged with quieter eyes, as sure as man can be of her cause and its upholders, loathing the misery and cruelty, the waste and tumult, but desperately conscious of the supreme difficulty of writing about them:—
Who coude ryme in English proprely
[Such] martirdom? for soothe, it am
nat I.

The phrase, "patriotic poetry," is none too happy a one. Lyrical poetry

can be only superficially classified according to its subject. Mere patriotic verse is as common as groundsel, and fevers as small a bird. True patriotic poetry is as rare as manna and comes we know not whence. And since some tranquillity of mind, some perspective and imaginative reaction are necessary to the writing of poetry, how shall truth and beauty be sung in days burdened with anxiety, haunted by the wildest of hopes and fears? The term "patriot," too, descends to us slightly soiled and tarnished. In the middle of the eighteenth century, says Macaulay in his *Essay on Walpole*, it had become a by-word of derision, and Dr. Johnson furiously exploded at an injudicious use of it. The philosopher and the intellectual are apt to scoff at an emotion that may be roused more easily by a bad music-hall song than by a good cause. Herbert Spencer himself frankly confessed that, though the charge of dishonesty would seriously move him, the charge of unpatriotism would leave him cold. A poet, too, is of no country, unless it be of that which lies "far beyond the stars," "over the hills and far away, where the unchanging meadows are." He, if any man, is the true cosmopolitan. A faithful patriot can be of any country. But since a poet is a man, and every man, whether he be Swiss or Roman, Rhinelander or Eskimo, is in some degree, and for good or indifferent reasons, the lover of his country, so every poet is a patriot.

It is dangerous for the lover, though, when his love is sure and deep, not impracticable or mischievous, to search for whys and wherefores, to prove for the least moment his angel woman. Yet "Loved I not honor more" is the bravest and most delicate piece of flattery ever paid by a Lovelace to a

* "Patriotic Poems." Selected by R. M. Leonard (Oxford University Press. 7d.)

Lucasta, or by a Charles Gordon to his native land. It is as dangerous, also, but it need be no more dangerous, to search out one's patriotism. The house that is built without hands is founded on the rock. And England has as patiently endured and survived her children's criticism in the past—Tennyson's, Meredith's, Patmore's—as to-day she tolerates the German in her midst who is content to smoke his pipe in peace and quietly enjoy her hospitality. As faith is assured by reason, and beauty by comparison and reflection, so the love of one's country—zeal for her, trust in her, an unflinching resistance against her foes within and without—is clarified and refreshed by the discovery of its well-spring.

"This England"—the bare fact that we do not apostrophize this Great Britain, this United Kingdom (united as it has never been before by the crude duplicity of the Prussian diplomatist) proves that patriotism is the flower not of an abstraction, but of a close and passionate reality. Why else has Mr. Leonard in this Oxford Garland of "Patriotic Poems" included Moore's "When he who adores thee" and Swinburne's "Oblation"? The man who loves his country solely for her history, her literature, her puissance, for the "sober-suited freedom" she confers and assures, is such a man as loves a woman solely for her intelligence, her prudence, her blue blood, or her moneybags. The truth, of course, is that patriotism is as personal a feeling as love itself. Its fineness, its depth, efficacy, endurance, depend in part upon the heart and mind of the lover, in part upon the object of his love. There are as many kinds of patriotism therefore as there are of men and of countries. Pride has its place in it, faith is essential. It may be broad or narrow and bigoted, spiritual, romantic, sentimental, based on the storied past or on hope of the fu-

ture. But in essence it is instinctive, and all men may share in it, since it is founded on a pure and human simplicity. Two noble nations of a noble tradition may be at war, and each be moved by the truest patriotism, if each is striving not only to prove itself but to win a little nearer to that ideal self which is the hope and justification of life on earth. It is the one condition, the one problem, the one aspiration of life—to be the best one is; and that can only be attained at the expense of one's own and of other men's worse. English patriotic poetry reflects all this—from the grave, far-sighted stability of a Wordsworth to the antique chivalry of a Scott. Is not our once sweet enemy France now our armed and bosom friend? Is it possible that Englishmen will ever forget the instant courage of a Belgium, of a little people that without a moment's pause faced extinction rather than submit to the mercy of the aggressor?

But as love may rot, or proceed merely from desire or lust of conquest, and have for allies hatred and envy, so too may patriotism. Times of ease and peace may blind it to great issues. War may evoke from it cynical inhumanity, greed and vindictiveness. It can be rarely virgin, unalloyed. And the more complex its inspiration, the wider its range, so much the more difficult its just and restrained expression. The belated idea of Empire made such a demand. And the Boer War found all that is bravest and best in England more or less divided against itself. But Cavalier, Roundhead, Imperialist, Little Englander—these were terms descriptive not really of patriot and anti-patriot, but of conflicting ideas regarding the same profound and burning conviction. The war that now threatens England's very being, not only as a nation of nations, but as a symbol, has harmonized and simplified all such conflicting ideas. And from one end of

the earth to the other comes proof of the reality, not so much of pride in the Empire, though that is clear enough, but of a quiet unquestioning devotion to the Motherland. Could love and gratitude for such a Motherland be more Englishly expressed than by the happy, homely promises not only of Dreadnoughts and horsemen, but of cheese and tea and flour and coal? A nation of shopkeepers, of sentimentalists the English may be, but of shopkeepers that can at any rate (infinitely perhaps to their relief and reassurance) stake lock, stock, and barrel on the defence of the weak, the keeping of their word, and the belief in their race.

The one monstrous absurdity in lover or patriot would be pride of his faith and passion, as the one true proof of a patriot is his tolerance and appreciation of the patriotisms of people as simple and faithful as himself. We love England as children love the house where they were born. With all her faults—and because of them: for all her virtues and in spite of some of them. That love is buttressed by the most sovereign, by the most naive of reasons, by her virgin Elizabeth, her social Anne, her motherly Victoria, by her "happy breed of men," Grenville, Wolfe, Nelson, Wellington; by her "characters" no less than her characteristics, Johnson, Burton, Lamb, Fitzgerald; by her busbies and Jack Tars, her roast beef and plum pudding, by her Atlantic and her Thames, her Dartmoor and London, her farms and hills and hangers, dews and rains and stars and churchyards. They, too, can sing of England who only England know, nor need they be indifferent listeners to the song of the English from across her seven seas. Devon is England and dyked Suffolk, Yorkshire fell and Kentish orchard, Surrey pine and Cornish cliff, Scottish bagpipe, Welsh song, and Irish beauty, brogue and bull. There may be pleasanter places;

there is no *word* like home. We may laugh at England—impossiblest of shes—and gladly bear to be laughed at. But the world without her would be a wilderness; the surge of its tides a never-ending lamentation. Earthly life would have lost its hold, its assurance and half its meaning. We should be strangers and pilgrims indeed. Hers are our first remembrances, first fears and ventures, hers our first solitude and friendships. She is her poets' beauty and peace, the highway of their pilgrimage, the woof of their dreams, the earthly foreshowing and foreshadowing of their paradise.

What wonder if a Poet now and then,
Among the many movements of his
mind,
Felt for thee as a lover or a child!

Apart, then, from the poets who in times of stagnancy or stress have warned and counselled, who have beaten words into war-songs and cried Ha! ha! there are those who have sung England's familiar loveliness, her meadows and flowers, country-people, sweethearts, children, her ancient walls, her "green and pleasant bowers." Beyond all computation is the debt of valor and hardihood, spirit and grace that living Englishmen owe to her Shakespeare and Sidney, to John Milton—liver of a life that is itself one of her noblest, austere poems, "with plain heroic magnitude of mind and celestial vigor armed"; to Wordsworth, even had he written no other word than "We must be free or die who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spake"; to Wolfe, whose all of fame is enshrined in such small room, to Drayton for his "Agin-court," to Henry Newbolt for his "Drake's Drum," to Tennyson for his "Revenge," Cowper for his "Royal George," Henley for his "Pro Rege Nostro," Scott for his "Pibroch," Mangan for his "Dark Rosaleen." But a spark, a flame soon quenches without fuel. These poets,

and how many another, dead and living, with their fires of gallantry and romance, do not create a devotion but only re-enkindle it in "sound lovers of their country," who already owed no less to Chaucer for his gossiping ride through an English April, to Gray for his Elegy, Keats for his Nightingale, to Goldsmith, Herrick, Barnes, Crabbe, and the rest, for countless quiet remembrances immortalized—of the beautiful, the tender, the at peace.

Clunton and Clunbury,
Clungunford and Clun,
Are the quietest places
Under the sun.

And the supreme creative impulse that conceived and achieved such a masterpiece as "The Dynasts" or "The Dawn in Britain" is, allowing for man and personality, precisely of the same nature with that of those matchless little flowers of verse—caught as it were just nodding towards death—in "A Shropshire Lad":—

The street sounds to the soldiers' tread,
And out we troop to see:
A single redcoat turns his head,
He turns and looks at me.

My man from sky to sky's so far,
We never crossed before;
Such leagues apart the world's ends
are,
We're like to meet no more;

What thoughts at heart have you and I
We cannot stop to tell;
But dead or living, drunk or dry,
Soldier, I wish you well.

To the cold observer the wish might seem irrational, if not frivolous. There are those who would botanize upon a mother's grave. But once there, it burns clear, it bears all manner of thinking about. For the cold observer in need of such a tonic Bolingbroke will sum up the raptures of patriotism in a removed and peaceful air:—

Neither Montaigne in writing his essays, nor Descartes in building new worlds, nor Burnet in framing an antediluvian earth, no, nor Newton in dis-

covering and establishing the true laws of nature and experiment and a sublimer geometry, felt more intellectual joys than he feels who is a real patriot, who bends the force of his understanding, and directs all his thoughts and actions to the good of his country.

It is not easy just now to be entirely at one with him when he adds that, whilst a great event is in suspense, "the very suspense, made up of hope and fear, maintains no unpleasing agitation in the mind." But Bolingbroke's rationality is sound, and has been transmuted into bright terms of the imagination by Mary Coleridge:—

"They served with Nelson, and with
Nelson died."

Well was it said, we may not in our
pride

Utter the praise of ancestors like these.
Yet may we speak it humbly, on our
knees;

For were we silent all, 'tis past a
doubt

The very stones against us would cry
out.

The truest poems of aspiration and lament, of a devotion menaced and reassured, of victory, have of necessity been written after the event—from Beowulf to Browning, from the Songs of the Jacobites to Emily Lawless's "Fontenoy." They are of every conceivable kind and pitch:—"Sir Patrick Spens," "Rule, Britannia," "The Flowers of the Forest." Marryat's jovial, shiver-my-timbers sea-song is in the true vein:—

Our captain sent for all of us: "My
merry men," said he,

"I haven't the gift of the gab, my lads,
but yet I thankful be:

You've done your duty handsomely,
each man stood to his gun;

If you hadn't, you villains, as sure as
day,

I'd have flogged each mother's son.

For odds bobs, hammer and tongs, as
long as I'm at sea,

I'll fight 'gainst every odds—and I'll
gain the victory!"

and so is the vow of Mr. Anon, A.B., of 1814, who may have served under the same martinet,—

As on the yard we lay
Our topsails for to furl,
I heard our pilot say
There's peace with all the world.

But
Should war commence again,
Damme if I don't enter,
And like a jolly tar,
Both life and limb I'll venture.

And Tennyson's great Ode of the next generation was echoed in the last in Mr. Bridges's beautiful "Elegy." In the southern window of a ferny, straw-thatched wooden arbor in the garden of his childhood he used to climb through a dark plantation, and thence look out to sea. Whole idle Sundays he would spend (his poem runs) in watching through a telescope distant ships, in prying and spying on the far-off sailors and their doings aboard:—
One noon in March upon that anchoring ground

Came Napier's fleet unto the Baltic bound:

Cloudless the sky and calm and blue the sea,

As round Saint Margaret's cliff mysteriously,

Those murderous queens walking in Sabbath sleep

Glided in line upon the windless deep:

the Royal George, the Acre, the Hogue, and Ajax, and, with "the blue flag flying at her fore," The Duke of Wellington:—

The iron Duke himself,—whose soldier fame

To England's proudest ship had given her name,

And whose white hairs in this my earliest scene

Had scarce more honor'd than accustomed'd been,—

Was two years since to his last haven past:

I had seen his castle-flag to fall half-mast.

One morn as I sat looking on the sea,

When thus all England's grief came first to me,

Who hold my childhood favor'd that I knew

So well the face that won at Waterloo.

"But now 'tis other wars, and other men,"—our English French, and trust-assuring Jellicoe. What ballads could be written on the inspiration of just those last three syllables! And "Thou, the war's and fortune's son, march indefatigably on!" Poets—no less than tinkers, tailors, soldiers, sailors—have their duty to do. They can, if the power be given to them, both fight and write. "The song that nerves a nation's heart is in itself a deed" quotes Mr. Leonard in his Preface; and so too Patmore, who certainly never hesitated when the occasion called as he thought for trenchant utterance: "Speak, for a good word then is a good deed." Such good words are never easy of discovery. Less so now than ever, though the last few weeks have fully proved that this quest, too, will not be neglected.

The magnitude, the extremity, the finality of the struggle daze the imagination. Its stroke at the very heart of England makes words seem vain. A poet's verse can pierce no further than his inward vision. His own heart is all he has to feel with, his own faith to live for. But the impulse must come before it can be obeyed. Skill is something—a great deal; imaginative intensity is everything. However high the cause and grave the issue there is no need for a rigid solemnity, nor for too sedulous a reflectiveness. "In all heroic poetry the passionate interest is in the thing itself, rather than in thoughts about it." War may be an insane lust, but its slavish materialism, cruelty, and blindness can be in part redeemed not only by a courage never to submit or yield, but by such a song also as sang the minstrel Taillefer, "who rode out before the Nor-

man host, singing of Roland and of Oliver, and the knights who died at Roncevaux." To have given one mind confidence, if only one's own, to have lightened, if but for a moment, the darkness of waiting, to have written one word of the sea that an English sailor could put to his service, is an achievement slight enough, that might yet console a man even for his incapacity to take up arms against these present troubles and by opposing end them. Nor is it only this cause, this world and this life that are at stake. The peace that passes understanding is only to be won through war—the war and the peace of the English mystics of whom Blake is the herald:—

The Times.

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountain
green?

And was the Holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my
hand,

Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant
land.

TRADE UNIONS AND THE WAR.

The action taken by the bulk of Trade Unionists since war was declared has been a surprise to various pessimists, who had, without the slightest warranty, assumed that English working men were devoid of the ordinary instincts of Englishmen. The war has proved, what any man with any real knowledge of his country ought to have known beforehand, that class differences are only skin deep. The unity that arises from common nationality supersedes the relatively trivial differences that arise from economic and social causes. The blunder of exaggerating class differences comes equally from persons who profess to represent the middle and upper classes and from those who profess to represent the working classes. On the one hand, there is the more or less insolent attitude of some middle-class and upper-class spokesmen, who write and speak as if the working classes are of different flesh and blood from themselves. On the other hand, there is the Socialist demand for an organized class war.

Both points of view are equally unjustifiable, and both have been proved to be wrong within a very few days of the declaration of war.

The most dramatic proof came from South Wales. In this stormy industrial district the Socialists had gained what appeared to be complete control over the mass of the miners and other wage-earners. Just before the war was declared the Admiralty asked the miners to work on the Tuesday and Wednesday following Bank Holiday in order to raise coal for the Navy. These two days had previously been reserved by the Conciliation Board as holidays, and when the Admiralty request arrived the Socialistic Executive of the Miners' Federation refused to endorse it, and passed a resolution declaring that they did not consider it necessary for defensive purposes that the miners should work on those two days, and that they declined "to encourage or in any way countenance the policy of active intervention by this country in the present European conflict." The

Socialist Executive went on to propose that an international Conference of miners should be summoned to consider what action the miners of the world should take in the present crisis. This demonstration of Socialistic internationalism produced an instant and indignant revolt among the South Wales miners. Within a few days the Executive were repudiated, and ever since the men have been working with enthusiasm and loyalty to carry out the requests of the Admiralty. One of the first requests made was that the Eight Hours Act should be set aside in Admiralty pits, and that the men should work nine hours a day. This was at once agreed to, and in addition the men have been working on several Sundays as well as on weekdays. At the same time, disputes in other mines, which had been dragging on for years, have been promptly settled; while Mr. Keir Hardie, in whose internationalism the Germans apparently place great trust, was refused a hearing in his own constituency.

The enthusiastic loyalty of the South Wales miners is only typical of the whole body of the wage-earning classes. Even in those districts where it is feared that the war may bring temporary distress there is no hesitation about the duty of the country. In the words of one of the Labor representatives, who, like most of the Labor Party in the House of Commons, is an Englishman before he is a Socialist, "a man's soul is bigger than his carcase." In this connection it is worth while to remind our readers that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who attempted to take the international Socialist view in face of a grave national crisis, has been thrown over by the bulk of the Labor Party in the House of Commons. Most of the members of that party have been actively engaged since the war began in settling labor disputes that were in progress up and down the

country. One significant illustration may be mentioned. In a certain Northern town the men were asked to work overtime to supply a particular material which was required by the War Office. They wired to their representative in Parliament to tell him that no arrangement had been made for payment at an extra rate for overtime work, and wanted to know what they were to do. He wired back: "Get on with your work and talk about the rate of payment afterwards." That is the spirit which prevails everywhere. This universal suspension of labor disputes throughout the country was formally endorsed at a meeting of the Trade Unions at Unity House, and at the same meeting it was further resolved to take steps to prevent new disputes from arising. One point strongly urged was that employers should make an effort to distribute employment by reducing hours so as to avoid discharging men. In this matter the wage-earning classes have shown splendid loyalty to one another. In numberless cases men have of their own accord come forward and offered to have their wages cut down so that their comrades need not be discharged. The advantage of thus distributing the loss due to slack times is so obvious that no stress need be laid upon it. It is, indeed, the scientific way of dealing with fluctuations in industry. In brisk times the industrial army is working at full pressure; in slack times the pressure on each individual is reduced, but all remain in the ranks. This simple yet effective plan can be profitably contrasted with the proposals now being put forward by middle-class Socialists for organizing gigantic systems of public relief. It is actually proposed by Mr. Sidney Webb that part of the credit for £100,000,000 voted by the House of Commons for carrying on the war should be diverted in order to finance some elaborate Socialistic

schemes for creating artificial employment. The danger that suggestions of this sort may be seriously entertained is, happily, not very great, but it is a danger that has to be borne in mind. At every national crisis the cranks rush forward to boom their particular schemes, and in the general excitement there is a danger that some of them may obtain a hearing which would be denied them in times of peace.

In face of the splendid spirit of loyalty and self-sacrifice shown by the wage-earners throughout the kingdom, the suggestion put forward in certain quarters that a body of lecturers should be organized to go forth and teach the working classes their duty is a piece of unwarranted insolence. In view of the letters which have been written to the Press by certain University Professors, it would be more appropriate if the working men of South Wales and Lancashire were to select one or two representative speakers to give lectures in Cambridge on the duty of professorial persons when their country is engaged in a life-and-death struggle with an aggressive enemy. The working men of England understand their duty in a national crisis without the instruction of any University lecturers. Even those Socialists who, as long as war was a remote contingency, talked glibly about their being quite as willing to work for a German as for a British capitalist have forgotten all this nonsense. Probably the very men who talked thus are now the keenest to uphold their own country and their own country's ideals against German domination and German ideals.

The idea that it can be a matter of indifference to any employee whether he has to take his orders from a man

of his own race or from a foreigner can only arise in the minds of people who have had no experience of being subject to foreign rule. If this idea still lingers among the men whose natural instincts have been perverted by theoretical internationalism, let them go to Alsace and Lorraine and ask the people of those two conquered provinces whether they enjoy being subjected to German rule. Let them go to Schleswig-Holstein and ask the working men there how they enjoy Prussian domination, which will not even permit them to use their own mother-tongue. If the Germans were to conquer England, they would not use their conquest for the benefit of British Socialists; they would use it for the benefit of Germany and of German ideals. Englishmen would be compelled to serve in German armies, to be bullied by German drill sergeants, and to be placed in the forefront of any further battles that Germany might decide to fight. At the present moment Danish lads who hate Germany with all the intensity of a fervent Danish patriotism are being killed in the war that Germany is waging for further aggressive purposes. Poles, who are only anxious to escape from the German yoke, are equally being killed in Germany's battles; and the young men of Alsace and Lorraine have been sent away to East Prussia there to fight against the Russians because even the terrors of German discipline would not suffice to make them fight against France. It is because Englishmen of all classes instinctively recognize that the German ideal is utterly opposed to all the ideals that Englishmen for centuries have held dear that there is no hesitation in any part of the country to fight out this war to a finish.

The Spectator.

WHAT THE SERVIANS WANT AND WHAT THEY HOPE TO ATTAIN.

By **CHEDO MIYATOVICH**, former Servian Minister to the Court of St. James's.

It is easy to understand why public opinion in Great Britain, France, and Russia, and probably in America too, makes the German Emperor personally responsible for the explosion of the great European war. When this terrible war is concluded and peace re-established and assured for generations, when we become psychologically more fitted to judge calmly and do justice even to our enemies, we shall find—I have no doubt of it—that it was not the personal ambition of Kaiser William II. which was responsible for the war and the probable ruin of the German Empire. It is true the Kaiser formally precipitated the war; yet he did this, not from his own personal initiative, but simply as spokesman of the majority of German statesmen and generals. Indeed he acted as the personification of a great and irresistible movement, just in the same manner as the Tsar is the personification of another great and irresistible movement—the Panslavonic movement. The present war is, in reality and in its principal features and aims, the war between the Panslavonic and Pangermanic thoughts. Russia fights for a great and noble ideal, the realization of which is her duty. She has now every chance to accomplish fully her great national object—the liberation of all the Slavonic nations who are now under the rule of Germany and Austria, and the union of all the Slavonic nations in one form or other—probably the federation of the Tsardom of Poland, Tsardom of Bulgaria, Kingdom of Bohemia, and the Kingdom of Toogoslaviya (embracing Servia, Bosnia, Hertsegovina, Montenegro, Dalmatia, Croatia, and Slavonia)—with the great Russian Empire. She has the

best chance of attaining it now because she has mighty allies in France and Great Britain; which countries, for their own special and specific reasons, wish to destroy Germany and, indirectly, her ally, Austria-Hungary.

No one knew better than the philosophical politicians and statesmen of Germany how fundamentally incapable of adjustment were the Pangermanic and Panslavonic movements. The greatest of German statesmen, Bismarck, dreaded the conflict of those two movements. He tried to prevent it, or at least to adjourn it by professing friendship for Russia, and by encouraging her to become the mistress of all Asia, with Persia and India too. Then he concluded the Triple Alliance for the mutual defence against the expected attack by France and Russia. But all these measures did not exercise the slightest impression on the Panslavonic movement, which was the very breath and very life of Russia. This Panslavonic movement, which was not limited to Russia, but was spreading to other Slavonic countries, was deeply offended and irritated when in 1908 Austria transformed the occupation into annexation of Bosnia and Hertsegovina, two Servian and therefore, Slavonic countries. The direct outcome of that provocation was that Russia, having secured herself against complications in Asia, concentrated all her attention on the great mission of the Russian people. It was Russia which created the Balkan Alliance and held Austria in check, not to interfere with the victorious progress of the Servians against the Turks. The Servian victories, the considerable increase of their territory by the annexation of a large portion of Mace-

donia, naturally increased the prestige of the independent kingdom of Servia among the Servians in Bosnia, Hertsegovina, Dalmatia, Croatia, and the so-called Banat and Bachka—southern portions of Hungary inhabited by the Servians. The sympathy of the Servians in those parts of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy was not the product of some artificial and foreign agitation. It was absolutely spontaneous and quite natural. The Servians of those countries are highly intelligent and somewhat cultured people with very lively political consciousness. The idea of the union of all the Slavonic countries in the south of Austria-Hungary with the Slavs of the Balkan Peninsula into one self-governing national State is not a new idea. The Croatian politicians and publicists started the idea in 1878 most enthusiastically. Their mistake was that they thought all the southern Slavs could be united under a new name—the Illyrians—which could be applied to all the Servians and Croats as well. This attempt was speedily seen to be impracticable; but the fundamental idea remained alive, and with the progress of culture and prosperity was only deepening and spreading. Especially within the last ten years great efforts have been made by the Servian, Croatian, and Slovenian literary men and artists from Lublyan (Ljubljana), Agram, Sarajevo, and Belgrade, for by culture, language, and arts they are one and the same nation. They spoke only of cultural union, but everybody understood that under that name was meant political union too. Of course in a free and constitutional country like Servia, with the full liberty of the Press, right of public meetings and of associations, there were not wanting associations to agitate for the political union of all the Servian and Croatian people of Austria-Hungary with Servia. Even if the Servian Gov-

ernment wished to suppress that movement constitutionally it could not do so. But that agitation did not create, it only encouraged the already existing, and quite spontaneously existing, wish—or perhaps I should say only hope—that the Servian provinces of Austria-Hungary might one day be united with the free and independent kingdom of Servia. But that agitation had absolutely nothing to do with the plot to assassinate the heir-presumptive to the throne of Austria-Hungary. The Servian nation as a whole abhors, condemns, and deplores that assassination. The more so as it has been taken for the pretext for Austria, of course in full understanding with Germany, to precipitate the general European war.

We Servians did not wish for that war at present. After two bloody wars our people wanted peace and rest to recuperate their strength and financial resources. We wanted time to organize newly annexed countries, to create and train a new army of some six hundred thousand soldiers. We were just on the point to order three hundred thousand new rifles and three hundred thousand new soldiers' uniforms in England. We wanted at least five years to organize, train, and properly equip our forces. Just to preserve peace, so necessary to us, our Government went to the utmost limits of self-humiliation in accepting nine out of ten Austrian demands. Austria and Germany were evidently determined to provoke the general war at once. We were not afraid of the war, even when the conduct of Great Britain was still doubtful. But since England has declared war on Germany and Austria, we will continue the war with enthusiasm, firmly believing that it will finish with the victory for the allies of Russia, and that the allies, dictating the conditions of peace, will sanction the union of Bosnia, Hertsegovina, Dal-

matia, Croatia, and Slavonia, with the kingdoms of Servia and Montenegro, The Outlook.

into a great and strong south Slavonic kingdom.

THE FRENCH PEOPLE IN ARMS.

Here I am at the roadside inn, waiting till the shower stops and I can ride on. I came back from Switzerland by the last train that ever ran, taking twenty-six hours to accomplish the distance between Bâle and Paris. I consumed three days in Paris preparing against emergencies and trying to get impossible permits to travel north in a military train, and reach the little town I still call home before it is too late to reach it at all. Finally I hired a wretched old bicycle, patched it up, fastened a bundle of MSS. in front and a travelling-bag behind, and started on my journey. I feel certain now that the Germans will not be there before me, but the uncertainty as to the contrary which I felt for several days is still on me and gives me wings.

War produces melancholy effects, almost from the first minutes, on countries capable of a complete military organization like France. There is something awful in the enormous migration of young men towards regions where their fate awaits them; in the stillness of so busy a place as Paris as I saw it that Sunday evening on issuing out of the Gare de l'Est; in the interruption of most of what we call life, the closing up of shops and banks, the disappearance of public conveyances, the shortage of silver, the scarcity—felt at a few hours' notice—of everyday commodities. There is pathos in the sight of the bands of horses taken away from their peaceful routine, and having no other chance of being identified and brought back home, if they survive, than the figures branded anyhow on their hide. There is a strange solemnity over the rich

autumnal country. The wonderful fields of the Valois which I crossed yesterday roll gently miles away, but as far as the eye can see no human form appears. I ride for hours under the rustling arch of aspens bordering the road without meeting a traveller, and I stop once on hearing the cicada noise of a far-away reaping machine. The sky is a glory of blue and white and of the subtlest tints of gold and purple, but somehow its all-covering expanse recalls the all-ruling thought: war—war, the impossible thing—is here at last, and the swift motion of my machine will in a short time bring me within sight of it.

But there is something else. War is father of terror, but it is also father of virtues which in everyday life are impossible to most of us and which the moment a mobilization notice is placarded on the walls become natural and easy. Since I left Switzerland, some time last week, I saw nothing but what was a glorification of human nature. I had a pang, I admit, at seeing the first French stations—Belfort, Lure, Vesoul—almost unguarded, while the Swiss lines had been bristling with bayonets, and it was a torture to hear foreigners make remarks on the contrast. But that was only my ignorance. The regular garrisons of those towns had left in the morning for the frontier, and the reserves had not had time yet to come down to replace them; but at dawn, in the neighborhood of Langres and Chaumont, train after train began to appear carrying thousands of men, and then an intense joy filled me. I was brought up a short distance from Sedan, and my child-

hood was sickened with narratives of the departure of the French troops shouting, "à Berlin!" and in a few weeks coming back defeated and enraged when they were not depressed.

Here there was nothing of the kind; the men did not sing, but they all looked radiant, the Regulars grinning above their best uniform, the Reservists, dressed so carefully in their Sunday clothes and carrying neat bundles, the evident work of their wives. We exchanged greetings, but the ever-recurring speech from the military train was: "Ah! mais, ce n'est pas par là qu'on va," in a tone which implied true regret for us who moved away from the frontier. Numbers of Reserve officers, some of them almost old men, filled the stations, intelligent-looking men with the quiet smile which Frenchmen often bear when they mean business. Later on I heard a gigantic Reservist, with a pink, round face, give the formula of the universal feeling, which I am sorry to have forgotten as he expressed it, but his meaning was that everybody made his own affair of this particular war, and that is exactly what it is. The enthusiasm of 1792 is replaced by a conviction which makes the strength of each individual tenfold, and I see it frequently allied with an intelligence of which I am proud for my race. Some thirty kilometres after leaving Paris, towards dusk, I was stopped by a post of five Reservists in white *bourgeois* who demanded my passport. I had none, but my card of the last election and a semi-official document, given me at the last minute by that kindest of men, Sir Henry Austin Lee, of the English Embassy, did duty for one, and the soldiers took me to dinner at their inn. Their sergeant was a gentleman, but the other four were butchers at the la Villette market, whose professional interest would every now and then break out in dis-

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quisitions about la Plata oxen and Madagascar oxen. But their chief interest was the war and the European situation, and I was amazed at their easy mastery of the chief elements. What the papers said in flowery language they said in simple terms, but the feeling was the same: the present war is the war of those who want peace against those who want war. They seemed to discriminate to perfection between the Germans as a nation and their Government, even between the Kaiser, who was an *homme d'affaires*, and his son, who was *un fou furieux*. They had clear notions about the divisions of parties in Germany; they did not affect military knowledge, but they had a map to which they frequently referred and which I saw hundreds of privates buy at Soissons yesterday. I told them that I crossed their quarter, and they asked me how the women looked. As they were perfectly heroic, like all the women I saw in Paris—with one single exception—I told them so, and they brightened up amazingly. They had a very correct estimation of the English possibilities in the north, and could not admire enough the rapidity with which England had passed from decision to action.

I left them next morning and pushed on to Soissons. Here I found a town entirely full of uniforms, and day after day the whole military population changes. It is useless to repeat what I have said about their morale, although it is an endless pleasure; but an officer told me that something which the military authorities thought impossible has happened. The Territorials are called in units numbering 375, but the Government had calculated that owing to illness and various causes most of them would not exceed 300. The full number has been attained in four cases, and is seldom short of more than five or six.

Ernest Dimnet.

THE GERMAN GOSPEL.

"Belgium, forced into war to save her institutions and the homes of her children, resolved to combine with resistance the restraint that all civilized nations impose upon themselves to observe strictly international conventions and the human conscience. Our enemy, after invading our land, has destroyed our population, has murdered our women and our children, carried into captivity our inoffensive countrymen, mutilated the wounded, destroyed undefended towns, burned down churches and historical monuments—chief among them the renowned library of Louvain University."—*Address of the Belgian Minister of Justice to King George.*

Three events of the war seem to us to invest the German incursion into Western Europe with its true general character—the sack of Louvain, the advance in close formation of vast masses of German infantry, moving as at "the goose step," and taking no cover; and, finally, the shooting by their own officers of German sailors, who, during the fight off Heligoland, had jumped off their ships into the sea. The last incident is, we imagine, unquestionable. It is vouched for by the Admiralty, acting on many private reports. These sailors were not, of course, deserters. They had jumped off a sinking vessel, we may suppose, without orders. To the German officers' mind, even this natural impulse of a man to save his physical life when all motive to, or hope of, collective action had disappeared, seems to have been abhorrent, and General von Bernhardi at least, must have cheerfully given the order to fire on these thoughtless units. The action is, indeed, a sharp illustration of the withdrawal of all individual rights, or rather of their complete absorption in the most rigorous form of State authority, to which German militarism has attained. It is no casual

accident or impulse of savagery. It is a rude aftermath of the theory of State absolutism, into which has been poured the main (though not the whole) stream of German philosophy. There have been many currents, ending in Nietzsche's scornfully poetic repudiation of Christian pity, and his resulting doctrine of the right, not of the mass to live under the shadow of widening laws of liberty, but of the exceptional man to live "dangerously" and powerfully at the expense of his fellows.

Imagine all these theories and tendencies of thinkers crudely worked out by military chiefs of the Prussian type into an unbending machinery of force. See this force wielded, first by a man of genius, entirely truthless, and treating moral or treaty engagements as "scraps of paper," bits of temporary currency, to be tossed aside when their use was over. Imagine the resulting tradition handed on for nearly two generations to a set of imitators, military and civil, blinding science, thought, energy, civic virtue, even a kind of poetic feeling, into iron bands of force—Hegel and Fichte, with Bernhardi as a commentator who declares expansion by war to be the prime object of the great modern State, and affirms for Germany the necessity to secure her future by an "appeal to arms," and her right, with others, "remorselessly to put an end" to all social tendencies inimical to the military power. Watch the fatal infection of the great European centres with the ensuing passion for armaments, the confused mind of civilization, oscillating between the good idea of intensifying and at the same time varying human comradeship and the bad idea of clamping together European society into one or two great State systems. Socialism has, perhaps, assisted both these theories in turn.

But no one can doubt that all that was evil in the spirit of domination has obtained its worst, because its best organized and superficially scientific, embodiment in German militarism. There, at least, lay a visible, a present enemy. Its vilest fruit during the invasion of Belgium has been the razing of Louvain, a deed less characteristic of the Middle Ages than of the license following the break-up of Europe in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But its power over the mind of man is far more vividly illustrated in the close rush of the German infantry to which we have referred. We remember nothing so like Tolstoy's descriptions of the dehumanizing power of State militarism, its ability to destroy the natural free play of human nature. These death-doomed boys and men were not a mass of illiterate peasants. They were educated in the State schools, in an age in which youth has largely thrown over the older forms of religious belief or social attachment. Thousands of them must have been Socialists, or the sons and relations of Socialists, taught to regard civilized citizenship as the common heritage of the workers of all countries. They were not defending their own homes; they were attacking those of a small people, whose only crime was that they stood in the way of Germany's easiest road to France. Yet they pressed on, astonishing our own troops, who probably included some of the best marksmen in the line of the Allies, with their disdain of cover and their indifference to devastating fire. The Christian doctrine of surrender to the call of the soul brought pain and death to thousands of its early professors; so does this new Pagan belief in its old dress of passive obedience. But not the compensating joys of moral peace and friendliness to all the world.

To a society in which these overmastering elements had sway, Tolstoy,

foreseeing its destruction at the hands of its governors, addressed his sublime appeal for the revival of the doctrine of non-resistance to evil. Europe, under the reign of armaments and of the system which bound one Power to take up the quarrel of its group, never listened to it, for it had no strong counter theory of life to oppose to the great popularization of force in which we must regard Germany as the chief schoolmaster. We are all involved now save the outer ring of smaller nations; while Britain, having in practice to choose between looking on for a few days or weeks at the devastation of Belgium and Northern France and then going in, or intervening at once on the ground of treaty-faith and the salvation of France as an independent force in Europe, took the latter alternative. Let us say no word to disparage the divine energy of moral force, unbacked by the power of armed men and war's terrible appanage of hate and devastation. But we must be honest with ourselves if we would fairly state the political case against non-intervention. Belgium in any case was doomed. We have every reason for saying that she would have fought with or without British material aid. She would only have fought despairingly, to give herself some distant hope of renaissance as a nation. We should therefore have witnessed the horrors of the last month up to the point when a resisting Minister, whose moral protests to Germany had all been thrown aside, would have been overwhelmed, and the country had rushed precipitately into war, too late to render effective aid to either of the outraged Powers. Nor is there any truth in Germany's plea that she would have spared Belgium if France had consented to do the same. Germany never once promised us to vary her long-conceived route of advance. France offered complete abstinence from Bel-

gian soil. All her military plans were purely defensive, and so little did she expect the line of Germany's attack that her guard of the Belgian frontier was dangerously weakened. Politically therefore we had to envisage the loss of Belgian and Dutch independence, the entry of a crushed and deeply humiliated France into the German sphere, and the ensuing preparation of the German military school for a final trial with the British Power. No force, it is clear, resided in either nation to resist such a conflict, but we should have gone into it hated and alone.

Therefore, we conclude that an evil spirit, corresponding to an evil disposition of political forces, has driven Europe out of its orbit, and that the thought of enlightened men, surveying the irrevocable past, must concentrate on the creation of a new organ of government. "Let us hope for a free Germany, a new Republic or two, and a Liberal Russia," said a statesman the other day, surveying the possibilities of a victory for the Allies. Such an arrangement must include the cutting away of patent injustices already made by war, such as the enslavement of Alsace-Lorraine and the false partition of Macedonia. But the essential fact is that, after the war, deeply impoverished populations, with their old wants sharpened by discontent with their

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rulers, will be left struggling with crushing loads of taxation, starving the mind and crippling every ameliorative element. Shelley imagined the world marching to a re-conquest of the Golden Age, and then turning a despairing gaze on the wars of the past, and the dreadful chance of reverting to them. To-day, the poet's dream is reversed. It is its black immediate past which the European world will regard with horror. It is quite certain that if the armed peace weighed heavily on social reform in 1914, the Europe of 1915 and 1916 will be unequal to the double task of paying for new armaments and rebuilding its shattered industrial life. Governments can ask no more, and may be thankful for a bare quittance for the past. Vast hosts, returning broken from the battlefields, workless and resourceless, may complete the wreck. Against this force of anarchy it will be necessary to enlist everything in the mind and heart of man and woman that makes for internationalism, for the disuse of armaments, save for the purposes of police, for the free discussion of policies by representative bodies, everything that kills the then all but exhausted attraction of physical force. The Imperial, or even the purely national idea, will have done its part; the cry of mere humanity should be irresistible.

LEFT BEHIND.

The loafers in London look more pitiable than ever. The best have enlisted, and the rest are drinking to their good fortune and safe return. In the poorer streets a kind of holiday atmosphere prevails, and a sort of excitement which is in a measure pleasurable fills the air. The children rush out of school eager to go on playing at soldiers. The smallest boys tie tin cans about their persons and beat them

with hoop-sticks as they march. In the byways of poor neighborhoods London is still the London of thirty years ago. There is not much traffic. It is still possible to walk in the road if the street happens to be unusually full of people, and the children swarm in apparently greater number than where the traffic drives them to take cover indoors.

Dotted about the West of London

there are many small islands of poverty. Little streets of small, low houses are clustered together. The squalor is not in the least picturesque. No sort of interest or tradition attaches to any of the buildings. It is the squalor of what were once poor suburbs and now are dirty slums. One such island of poverty lies on the south-west of Regent's Park. It consists of a short and fairly wide thoroughfare with small streets running off on either side. It is in process of improvement. That is, portions have been pulled down, and the spaces have been boarded up, and many consecutive houses in many wretched-looking streets have been condemned and shut up. The broken windows stare down upon the hardly less condemnable houses whose lives have as yet been spared. The neighborhood in a general way is dreary enough, but just now it is full of life. At the lowest corner of the wide thoroughfare stands a recruiting sergeant, and his influence has changed for a little while the life of the place. All the children are intensely excited. Many fathers have "gone to the war," but not quite so many as are said to have gone by little boys and girls who cannot bear to be behind their friends and neighbors in importance. It is a tremendous step up in the world to have relations "at the front," and "the front" has a very wide meaning to children. Indeed, it seems to include the whole of England, except London. Visions of victory and glory rise before eyes which have seen nothing but Regent's Park and a squalid street. How do they picture these things? Story-books have not initiated them into the fields of romance. They are familiar with bands, and have occasionally seen soldiers riding down the fine streets not far off into which they seldom penetrate. Fighting they know something about. Did not Tommy Jones's father get a

month's hard labor a little while ago for assaulting the police? The thought of conflict is fairly familiar to them. It is all very stirring, and not at all sad, for while "mother" is at home it is of no supreme consequence where "father" goes.

As for the grown-up people, they are almost equally excited, but excitement takes different people in different ways. The women are a great deal more out of doors than usual. Every one seems to move about more, to talk more, and, unfortunately, to drink more, than usual. The scraps of conversation which reach one's ears as one passes down the street are all upon one subject. "My husband will go, you know, like the rest," says one woman addressing a little group of cronies. "He's determined to go." "What does he want to go for?" says a sharp-faced friend. "To have a smack at the Germans," is the instant reply, delivered with a look of defiance. The questioner is not satisfied. There are a few, a very few, people who are born minimizers. They are not anything like so common as alarmists and exaggerators, but they exist, and there is something curiously irritating about them. Even in the present crisis they have an ignorant conviction that nothing will happen. "The papers make too much of it," they announce, endeavoring to assume an appearance of superior knowledge. "They always do. You mark my words, and never believe the half they say." But apart from these cold-headed fools, there are people to whom all excitement is painful. They are fairly common among the educated, and a few exist among the poor. What they ask of life is a sense of security, and that can only be attained in conjunction with sameness. All excitement has to them some connection with dread, some relation to sorrow. In anxiety they get no relief from the bustle of the moment, and no

pleasures, but what we might call flat pleasures make them happy. For such natures, especially where they are found among the ignorant, the ferment of the last few weeks has been agonizing, but they are not many enough to make much show.

Monotony is detested as much among the overworked as among the *blacks*. Anything which breaks it is welcome, and just now it is so completely broken as to seem gone for ever. By a great number of usually dull people the anxious moment is enjoyed, and attempts at reassurance are not very well received. A woman who declared herself to be nightly expecting to hear of her husband's death rather resented the explanations of the present writer to the effect that he was at present safe in England, and that there was small probability of his being sent on foreign service. "The public knows nothing," she replied somewhat resentfully, "and it's very difficult to say which is the safest place, here or abroad." The state of mind argued no calculated indifference to her husband's safety, and no undue or ignorant panic about the likelihood of a German invasion. It meant nothing but a desire for emotional dignity and to enjoy the full flavor of the psychological moment. Again, certain women who express no particular anxiety about menfolk have made up their minds that they will starve. It is idle for the workers from accredited societies arriving with money allowances to assure them that they will be provided for. They are not going as yet to believe it, and so lose, as they think, the true dignity of a soldier's wife. There can be no doubt that exceptional distress of mind and exceptional intelligence go together. The people who really care, the fathers and mothers and wives who dread the news, take the trouble to inform themselves as well as they can.

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They know why they are anxious and seldom make ridiculous mistakes, although those who say out what others only think will always bring a smile to the lips of even the most sympathetic listener. "I feel as if it were extra hard for me," said an elderly widow, whose exemplary son might even at the moment she spoke have been fighting for his country. "You see he is such a good boy—more than a husband to me he has been, far better than ever my husband was. You see," she went on with tears in her anxious eyes, "there are so many bad boys about, boys that any one might be, as you may say, glad to lose, but mine was so different." The educated do not say those things, do not perhaps think them in words, yet how true is the sentiment to human nature! An immense trust in Lord Kitchener prevails among the men, the hard-working men with families in good employ who descend to no excuses for remaining at home. "I fancy that leaving Brussels is what you may call a blind," said one such on the morning that the news of the surrender of Brussels arrived. "You see, there is no doubt but what it's Kitchener that has the handling of the whole business, and if he has told them to surrender he has his reasons. He knows what he's doing, and he's right."

But if the martial stir is enjoyed among simple people, the absence of boasting is no less remarkable. Drink alone mars the dignity of the Englishman's attitude this time. It is a new thing, this self-control, which can bear even the silence. Some force greater than the law is at work. Truly the "Recessional" has been laid to heart. The power of poetry was never better illustrated. "The artist's vantage o'er the King" again astounds us. Why have we nothing new from our master of martial song?

NATURE AND MYSTICISM.

The curve of human progress is repeatedly broken by periods in which the gains of the past and the hopes of the future seem to disappear and civilization to dissolve. Cataclysms of nature, famine, pestilence, war intervene in the affairs of men, and man is for a while dependent for spiritual existence on the natural and the supernatural that surround him. The works of men's hands, the memory of man's achievements, the superb hope of his future have ceased to matter: sky, and sea, and mother-earth are the only vision of the mortal eye, while the soul's eye fixes itself on things beyond the horizons of day and night. In the long vistas of recorded history we see many such periods. Even our England, secluded though it has been from the main current of terrible things, has in the last fifteen hundred years seen more than one of these periods, when despair has begotten a new and perhaps holier quietude. It is impossible to read of the woes of Britain in the pages of Gildas without seeing that he looked for a light that never shone on his desolated land or on the sea that had been the bringer of terrible things. But the period that most vividly illustrates the return to nature and the call of mysticism is not a period of war, but the age of the Black Death, from 1349 on to the days of the coming of the Renaissance to England. The great period of the Middle Ages, her chivalry, her formal but intensely intellectual philosophy, her art, her religion, were all rapidly falling into decay when the Black Death, with desolating horror that outstripped with easy stride the miseries of war and brought with her, as the hunting lioness brings the jackal, famine, came to end an epoch. It was a call back to reality, to nature; but the reality

seemed too horrible, and man first stretched out his being to the mystic forces that surrounded his nature. The outburst of mysticism in Europe during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries is a definite stage in human progress. The crowning names were Flemish and English—Thomas Hamerleyn, Richard Rolle, and Walter Hilton. With one accord they called away the attention of man from the doubts, miseries, and sorrows of earth to the peace and light and immeasurable joys of a life that is heavenly on earth and unlimited by the confines of death. The latest of them, and the sanest, is à Kempis, and in him we find that gradual return to the reality which was necessary if earthly social life was once more to be reconstructed on a great scale. Mysticism was the necessary preparation for a real renaissance in religion and in life. It was, as it were, a purifying flame that made new things and new ideals possible. As the wave of intense mysticism died away, it found men ready for new adventures by sea and land, and it found too a new love of nature that had abounding expression in the poets and dramatists and preachers of the Renaissance in Western Europe.

One may inquire with profit into the relationship between nature and mysticism. That they are very closely related there can be no manner of doubt; but it is also not very doubtful that it is appreciation of unseen forces behind or within nature that leads to the love of nature and of beauty, that the natural transition of the mind is from the supernatural to the natural. So far as we are able to judge, this is true of uncivilized races. There is little reason to believe that animals and the lowest races of men have any real sense of beauty in nature. As the con-

ception of Deity grows, the love of nature grows. Art in the earliest forms is nearly always associated with faith in some form or another. No doubt the Palæolithic races have left us vivid pictures of hunting scenes, but there is no reason to suppose that these were other than records or were designed to exemplify beauty or the love of nature. That age, however, does give us some conceptions of worship associated with art, and we know in the existing Palæolithic races that their designs are all closely related to religious purposes. As the conception of unseen forces, at last rising to a conception of a central unseen force, all-powerful and all-loving, which is the Father of All and the Controller of all forces—as this conception grows into ever fuller and richer reality, the human mind, practical and productive, seeks on all hands for means to clothe the conception, and in seeking for such means discovers beauty and reveals the infinite possibilities of art. The "return to nature" is a voyage of discovery, a voyage that shall find in the meadow and the sea, the woodland glade and the mystic hill, some ornaments of the conceptions of unseen power, some adornment of holiness.

The love of beauty in nature is therefore a very sacred thing. It is something quite other than and different from that love of association which we call the love of home, a love that may, and continually does, attach to the dirtiest and least beautiful or unhomely of places. That there is a deep spiritual sense in this idea of association, especially as it is revealed in the notion of home, no one would be so foolish as to deny, and it, too, is a manifestation of the love of nature revealed through an earlier spiritual stimulus. But the love of beauty, in a certain sense, goes much further than the love of association, for it gives rise to things that are common to many

homes and tribes and peoples, to that universal sense of the beautiful which passes back from physical nature to the spiritual nature in a wonderful species of reaction, and gives new light and new hope to civilization.

So man is able to penetrate into the mysteries of things. If there is a rare beauty in physical nature, in curves of clouds and infinite gradations of color on sky and sea and golden shore, in the myriad tints of harvest fields and winding hedges and deep-wooded hills, varying from the splendor of sunrise to purple eve, and shining all day and deep into the moonlit night with peace and the unutterable music of harmony—if this be so, there is a still rarer music in the operations of the mind that are based on the material afforded by the physical universe, palaces of pure intellectual achievement that in themselves lead to new knowledge of the physical universe and fresh departures for new intellectual adventures. And if this be so, yet again there is an even rarer music in the intuitions of the human personality that, rising above the purely physical and intellectual worlds of which we have spoken, carry out the mind and soul into new appreciations not only of physical and intellectual progress and beauty, but of Personality or Being itself. This power of intuition which first gave us the conception of something higher than ourselves, and so led on to the larger life of beauty and religion, grows as the whole personality has grown under the operation of the twin forces of beauty and faith, and growing enables us, generation after generation, to acquire larger and nobler conceptions of Deity, of Beauty, and of Man.

Nature, then, pursued to its ultimate limits of beauty and revelation, leads us back to mysticism: to the non-rationalized sense of forces that are not material at all, of forces that lie

within the deeps of our own nature, of forces that bind us, whether we will or not, to the central conscious thinking Heart of Things. When man is thrown back upon himself and the natural world around him, he must become either a savage or a mystic, and in most cases he becomes, often in a strange, inarticulate way, a mystic—a man, that is, who feels in every wave of the sea, in every yielding of the sand, in every tint of the sky, in every call of the wind, in the splendor of sunset, and the glamour of moonrise the operations of a conscious unseen Power that is craving audience

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and converse with His creation. It is this condescension that overwhelms the mystic with humility; it is this certainty that armors his heart against the passing miseries of a blind and brutal world. But if mysticism were all, the social world of man could not go on, and therefore progress would become impossible. The sense of association is, however, the twin of the sense of beauty, and from it springs that human love which is the necessary complement of divine love, and from which springs man's love of home and the life-long passion for his native land.

J. E. G. de Montmorency.

THE NEUTRAL POWERS AND THE WAR.

The atrocious severities practised by the German Army in Belgium have damaged Germany's cause in Europe and America. But the attitude of neutrals must be carefully watched. Nothing must be done to estrange them from us. Italy might have been expected to join her allies, but the treaties binding her to them, which are still unpublished, are interpreted by the King and the Ministry as requiring her to assist them only if they are attacked, and this interpretation is said to be endorsed both by two former Foreign Ministers, Signori Tittoni and Visconti-Venosta, and by the ex-Premier, Signor Giolitti. An extract published by her Government from the German Whitebook, showing that the war was begun by Germany and Austria-Hungary, is accompanied by the announcements (1) that it is prepared to defend its neutrality by the publication, after applying for the consent of the other members of the Alliance, of the treaties which bound Italy to them in 1882; (2) that the Alliance has always been interpreted by them as purely defensive in its aims. They

notified Italy that they washed their hands of the Libyan war; and, when an Italian squadron bombarded Turkish destroyers off Prevesa on September 29, 1911, Italy received a formal intimation from Vienna that Austria-Hungary would regard any further action in the Adriatic as a breach of the Alliance, and would claim a free hand in the Balkans for herself. Thus the Triple Alliance involves an engagement between the two junior partners to abstain from independent action in Eastern Europe; and this has been violated by the Austro-Hungarian attack on Servia. Austrian troops are concentrating at Trient; Italy has 400,000 men under arms on her mainland, two more classes of reservists are being called to the colors. In Spain an inclination to support France which we noticed last week has since been emphasized by the Republican and Reformist leaders, and a former Foreign Under-Secretary, Señor Gonzales Hontorio, states that agreements made in 1907 bind France, Spain, and Great Britain, in the event of any danger to their possessions in the Mediterranean, to consult on de-

fensive measures, though not necessarily to adopt them. Still, these agreements, as he points out, determine the direction of Spanish policy.

In Switzerland, as various messages go to show, the German cantons, at any rate, are strongly pro-German, but a Swiss invasion of France is scarcely probable, though it has been advocated in some quarters. Denmark and Holland are decidedly neutral, the former partly for political reasons arising out of the long constitutional struggle over the fortification of Copenhagen in the 'eighties of the last century. Norway is mainly anti-German, partly through long-standing apprehension that German naval bases might be seized on her coast. Swedish opinion seems to be largely pro-German, partly through the recent Russophobe agitation for increased national defence, which has found its chief support in the Russian treatment of Finland, and in the strategic measures taken on the Finnish coasts. However, Professor Kjellen, a Conservative member of the Riksdag and a friend of Germany, is reported to have said that "an active policy now is impossible, for it would not be understood by public opinion; and the Government is insisting on a policy of strict neutrality." With reference to Swedish neutrality a Stockholm correspondent writes:—"It is quite untrue that Sweden is hostile to Great Britain. I think there is no people in the world whom the Swedes admire and like more than the English; but in this curious combination of events the only Empire we really fear is Russia. Most of my countrymen are convinced that Russia will subdue us sooner or later; they therefore look to Germany as the bulwark of Swedish freedom. These feelings have been confirmed by the multitude of Russian

spies who have invaded Sweden of late years, as well as by the construction of strategical railways in Finland to our frontier. Nevertheless, in spite of all this and of the pressure said to have been exerted by Berlin, Sweden is firmly determined to maintain the strictest neutrality, and by way of proving our determination we have shown great hospitality to thousands of Russian citizens on their way from Germany. No doubt, also, from a financial and commercial point of view the neutrality of Sweden is of advantage to Europe and to the trade of the world. One use that is made of this neutrality is that we are transmitting money to numbers of Russians who have been held up in Germany and Austria, besides which, of course, the mails go via Sweden." We have reason to believe that an unequivocal promise of Finnish autonomy from the Russian Government would at this juncture greatly reassure Sweden. Why should not the Czar follow up his manifesto to Poland with a manifesto to Finland?

In South-Eastern Europe the Porte is evidently preparing actively for war with Greece, no doubt at the instigation of the German Government. A conference between representatives of the two Powers at Bucarest and the Roumanian Government to arrange terms of settlement has led the latter to associate itself with the Powers of the Triple Entente to warn the Porte in the strongest manner against a policy of adventure. The Turkish demands include Cavalla and another Ægean port for Bulgaria, and that Power might conceivably be tempted to attack Servia and Greece once more. The Roumanian Ministry is believed to be divided; public sympathy appears to be with the Triple Entente.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The landsman is out of favor as a hero, just now, and in England he seems to be more highly esteemed if he belongs to some good old smuggling family prone, by heredity, to wrecking. Mr. Herbert Harrison's "A Lad of Kent" is a very good example of this school of fiction, and its author is a master of the art of keeping his readers in doubt, now raising their expectations of a happy ending, and then summoning misfortunes from all quarters to heap them upon the unhappy hero. The action begins in 1808, when a certain Philip is fifteen years of age, and ends early in the Waterloo year, when smuggling and treason were equally profitable to the bad citizens of France and of England. Philip and his chosen friend, Germaine, are faithful to one another through many adventures which culminate in bringing a naval commission to one, and to the other the knowledge of his ancestry and the certainty of prosperity. The romantic element is introduced in the passage of events comfortably settled while Philip lay in his cradle. The press gang and its work, and the grim laws which held the stealing of a sheep as a crime equal in magnitude to killing a man, are impressively shown. The Macmillan Company.

Readers who crave the virile and robust in their fiction, who are not disturbed by the wildest improbabilities, and who experience no mental jolt when they are abruptly transported from prehistoric times to a remote and fanciful future should find Jack London's "The Strength of the Strong" very much to their liking. The half dozen or more stories which are included in it have been published at in-

tervals during the last few years in various magazines. They have naturally, therefore, no continuity of purpose. They have a certain directness and energy which saves them from being dull, except when there is too strong an infusion of socialistic and other theories. Mr. London by this time has secured quite a constituency of his own, which is accustomed to his vagaries, and quite content to follow him, whether he takes them among the cave-dwellers of the past or the wild desperadoes of a remote future. He takes them in both directions in these stories. The Macmillan Co.

Professor Theodore W. Hunt of Princeton University is the author of two volumes of "English Literary Miscellany" which should appeal equally to special students and to that widely distributed personality known as the "general reader." The chapters which go to the making of the volumes have appeared as separate essays in the "Bibliotheca Sacra," "The Book-Lover" and other periodicals, but probably with the intention of a later grouping, for they follow a natural sequence. They are the fruit of extended and sympathetic study, and are written with poise and judgment, and yet with enthusiasm. In each volume, general discussions come first and are followed by special discussions of particular periods, or of individual poets, or, in some instances,—such as Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" and "In Memoriam"—of separate poems. The essays are of a type of which we do not have too many nowadays,—just and moderate in tone, and instructive without being dull or stilted. The Bibliotheca Sacra Co., Oberlin, Ohio.